Dec. 26, 1953

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

End As a Man—A report, by Calder Willingham, on life in a Southern military college. A little overwrought and rather shocking but certainly inviting your attention. Ben Gazzara does an illustrious job in the lead. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Kind Sir—Mary Martin and Charles Boyer in a magnificently mounted comedy about absolutely nothing at all. Norman Krasna is the author; Joshua Logan is the producer and director; Jo Mielziner and Main Bocher, respectively, are responsible for the set and the costumes; and the rest of the cast consists of Dorothy Stickney, Margalo Gillmore, Frank Conroy, and Robert Ross. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Late Love—For some reason, the usually perceptive John C. Wilson chose to direct Rosemary Casey's soap opera dealing with two tangled love affairs and a bossy old lady. Lucile Watson, Arlene Francis, and Neil Hamilton are heavily involved. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 30, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinées on Christmas and New Year's Day.)

New York City Theatre Company—"Charley's Aunt," with José Ferrer, Peggy Wood, and Kent Smith. The last in a series of four plays presented by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

Oh, Men! Oh, Women!—Franchot Tone, Gig Young, and Betsy von Furstenberg in a comedy by Edward Chodorov. Produced by Cheryl Crawford in association with Anderson Lawler, and directed by the author. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 2:40.)

The Prescott Proposals—Katharine Cornell in the Lindsay-Crouse play about devious carryings on at a United Nations meeting. It is, unfortunately, a little old-fashioned and elementary. Miss Cornell's associates include Felix Aylmer, Ben Astar, Minoo Daver, and Lorne Greene. Donald Oenslager designed the impressive scenery, and the costumes are the work of Main Bocher. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sabrina Fair—The ups and downs of a millionaire and a chauffeur's daughter who find themselves in love. Margaret Sullavan is quite pyrotechnic as the lass, and Joseph Cotten makes an attractive magnate. John Cromwell, Luella Gear, Scott McKay, Cathleen Nesbitt, and Russell Collins lend them a helping hand. Samuel Taylor is the author. Reopens Monday, Dec. 28, after a week's vacation. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Solid Gold Cadillac—Josephine Hull, who is probably everybody's best girl, in a very funny comedy by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann that has to do with the strange vagaries of the world of high finance. Loring Smith is at the top of a fine supporting cast, which includes Geoffrey Lumb, Wendell K. Phillips, Reynolds Evans, and Henry Jones. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tea and Sympathy—This play about the woes of an adolescent suspected of homosexuality while in residence at a prep school has the advantage of compelling performances by John Kerr, who plays the youth in question, and Deborah Kerr, who plays a sympathetic older woman. However, the drama, which was written by Robert Anderson and directed by Elia Kazan, is not too long on plausibility. Leif Erickson, Richard York, and John McGovern are among the others in the cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

The Teahouse of the August Moon—John Patrick's adaptation of Vern Sneider's novel about the Americanization of Okinawa is done with great skill and grace, and the production is admirable in every respect. David Wayne and John Forsythe are splendid as representatives of the warring cultures, and they are ably supported by Paul Ford, Larry Gates, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**dial "m" for murder:** A British mystery, by Frederick Knott, in which Maurice Evans figures as a gentleman who wants his wife out of the way. Reopens Saturday afternoon, Dec. 26, after a week's vacation. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the fifth season:** Menasha Skulnik is the mainstay of this comedy about the garment industry. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **my 3 angels:** An item adapted from a French play by Sam and Bella Spewack that concerns three convicts in Cayenne. Walter Slezak, Jerome Cowan, Carmen Mathews, Henry Daniell, and Joan Chandler are in the cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **picnic:** Sex in a small Kansas town. A play by William Inge, with a cast that includes Janice Rule, Ralph Meeker, and Peggy Conklin. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the seven year itch:** George Axelrod's comedy about a man who gets into the usual difficulties with sex when his wife goes away for the summer. Eddie Albert is at present playing the hero, and the ladies in his life are Vanessa Brown and Neva Patterson. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Dead Pigeon—A three-character play by Lenard Kantor, the cast being made up of Lloyd Bridges, Joan Lorring, and James Gregory. Presented by Harald Bromley, who also directed it, and Haila Stoddard. (Vanderbilt, 48th St., E. CI 5-7175. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Can-Can—The dashing choreography of Michael Kidd and the ingenious sets of Jo Mielziner are the chief assets of this glimpse of nineteenth-century Montmartre. Motley's costumes are a help, too, but Abe Burrows's book and Cole Porter's music are below scratch. With Lilo, Gwen Verdon, and Peter Cookson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge in a one-man show presented by Harry D. Squires. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Christmas.)

John Murray Anderson's Almanac—This revue is about equally divided between the good, the indifferent, and the tedious. The best ingredients are the sketches that feature the comic talents of Hermione Gingold, Orson Bean, and Billy De Wolfe, but there is also some agreeable singing and dancing by Polly Bergen, Harry Belafonté, Carleton Carpenter, Elaine Dunn, Celia Lipton, and Nanci Crompton. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Kismet—A big, handsome show derived from the comedy-melodrama that Edward Knoblock put together in 1911. With music adapted from the work of Alexander Borodin, dances arranged by Jack Cole, and sumptuous sets by Lemuel Ayers, the piece goes along with plenty of verve, and Alfred Drake is fine as a vagabond poet and Doretta Morrow is most appealing as his lovely daughter. They have the help of Richard Kiley, Joan Diener, Philip Coolidge, and Henry Calvin, among many others. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Me and Juliet—Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers love the theatre, as well they might, but in this tribute to their love, done in the form of a play within a play, the partners are hardly at the top of their game. Fortunately, though, the dances arranged by Robert Alton are consistently diverting, and the sets of Jo Mielziner are marvels of intricacy. Isabel Bigley and Joan McCracken head the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**the king and i:** A royal Siamese (Yul Brynner) and his court, taken in hand by a strong-willed English teacher, played by Constance Carpenter. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **south pacific:** Now it seems that even this, too, shall pass away. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 16.) . . . **wonderful town:** Rosalind Russell in a revival of "My Sister Eileen" for which Leonard Bernstein composed the music. Reopens Saturday after-

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noon, Dec. 26, after a week's vacation. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Sing Till Tomorrow—A play by Jean Lowenthal, with a cast that includes John Marley, Michael Sheehan, and Eileen Ryan. Produced by Dorothy Natter and directed by Basil Langton. Opens Monday, Dec. 28. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

In the Summer House—Judith Anderson and Mildred Dunnock in a play by Jane Bowles. Presented by Oliver Smith and the Playwrights' Company, and directed by José Quintero. Opens Tuesday, Dec. 29. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées New Year's Day and Saturday the first week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker—A comedy by Liam O'Brien, starring Burgess Meredith and Martha Scott. The producers are Robert Whitehead and Roger L. Stevens, and the director is Alan Schneider. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 30. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

Amato Opera Theatre—"La Bohème," (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. *Christmas through Sunday, Dec. 27, at 8:30.* Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

Barbizon-Plaza Theatre—"The World of Sholom Aleichem," with a cast, directed by Howard Da Silva, that includes Morris Carnovsky, Ruby Dee, and Jack Gilford. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CO 5-7845. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Circle in the Square—"American Gothic," Victor Wolfson's dramatization of his novel "The Lonely Steeple" has a lot in common with plays like "Ethan Frome" and "Desire Under the Elms" but hardly their force. José Quintero handled the central staging, and Clarice Blackburn heads the able cast. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40. Through Sunday, Jan. 10.)

Phoenix Theatre—Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy in "Madam, Will You Walk," a fantasy by the late Sidney Howard that, regrettably, very seldom gets off the ground. Norman Lloyd, Robert Emmett, Edwin Jerome, and Leon Janney are in the supporting cast. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. GR 7-0713. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Jan. 10.)

Shakespeare Guild Festival Company—"Othello" will reopen Saturday, Dec. 26, after a week's vacation. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. TR 9-5480. Nightly, except Mondays and Tuesdays, at 8:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Ballet Theatre—"Theme and Variations," "The Combat" (American première), "The Capital of the World," "The Black Swan: Pas de Deux," and "Graduation Ball." A benefit for the Ballet Theatre Foundation's fund drive. (Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday, Dec. 27, at 8:30. For tickets, call CH 4-4930.) . . . ¶ *Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8:30:* "Les Sylphides," "The Combat," "The Black Swan: Pas de Deux," and "Graduation Ball." New Year's Day at 8:30: "Designs with Strings," "Giselle," and "Fancy Free." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

Merce Cunningham—With his company, in programs of modern dance. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 29-Jan. 1, at 8:40, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 2-3, at 2:40 and 8:40. For information about tickets, call AL 5-7240.)

MISCELLANY

Salzburg Marionette Theatre—Christmas at 8:30: "The Magic Flute." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 26, at 3 (a performance primarily for children): "The Wizard of Oz." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 26, at 8:30: "Don Giovanni" and "The Nutcracker Suite." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or *other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.*)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' band for dancing at dinner and supper in the Trianon Room. In the adjoining Rotunda, William Adler's violin accompanies the cocktail hour. All hands are in repose Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Gleb Yellin's instrumental group is audible in the Palm Court at the cocktail hour every day but Sunday, and in the Madison Room from seven to nine Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A fashionable photographer's studio, open evenings for the convenience of those who have to sleep during the day. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The ice age still reigns in the Terrace Room, where Arnold Shoda's nimble skates barely scratch the frozen surface. The current show is the perkiest to come along here in some years. There's also dancing to Ernie Rudy's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The mind-reading stint of Lucille and Eddie *Roberts may really be done with mirrors, but* it looks, all the same, like undiluted extrasensory perception. The songfest presented by Toni Arden goes to prove that possession of a lusty microphone is nine points of the law. The scene is the Cotillion Room, where Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's band play for dancing. On Sundays only a dinner show, on New Year's Eve only a supper show, and on Mondays the room is closed. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, turns out music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—"Inside Show Business" should be the caption for Mary McCarty's new potpourri. Despite its limited scope, it is very funny stuff by a very funny girl. Rod Alexander and Bambi Linn dance with a guileless charm that makes them seem in love with each other as well as their work. All this goes on in the Persian *Room, where Ted Straeter, the world's best-*dressed pianist, sings in his boyish tenor as he conducts his hand-picked bandsmen. Mark Monte's quintet fills in any chinks. Only a supper show on New Year's Eve. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, which is devoted to preserving the traditional amenities of dining and dancing in state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Except Mondays, Leo LeFleur's group plays for cocktails in the Palm Court. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Guy Lombardo's orchestra meanders at a leisurely, or out-of-town, pace. No music Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rough Rider Room will have a dance band New Year's Eve after ten-thirty.

St. Regis, *Fifth Ave. at 55th St.* (PL 3-4500)—As the dancing guests merrily, merrily roll along in the twilit glade named the Maisonette, life does indeed appear to be a dream. The music for this pleasing situation is supplied by Milt Shaw's band and the St. Regis Ensemble; the songs are supplied by Mary Meade, an earnest lady. Closed Sundays and on Christmas and New Year's Day.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra plays in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper, as well as for tea dancing every afternoon.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room, warm, cozy, and pretty as a picture, offers dance music all evening long, plus a dinner-and-supper spate of songs by James Symington, a personable representative of the everyone-says-I-should-go-on-the-stage school of crooner. Closed Sundays.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey are in cahoots again, which is just about the best thing that could possibly happen to the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A crossroads general store with everything from wet- and drygoods counters to its own television show. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band chortle away until all hours.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Fay DeWitt, *a girl to remember, is turning* the miniature musical comedy that holds the floor here into a boisterous coming-out party for herself and her friends, such as Lou Nelson, Georgie Kaye, and Don Liberto, who are very comical, too, and Margie Duncan and Linda Lombard, who definitely improve the décor. The plot is largely upside-down cake. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra for dancing after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—*In a perfect world, all Spanish music* would be danced, sung, and costumed with the fire, passion, and vigor that José Greco and his proud young ladies and gentlemen bring to their lifework. This splendid display of Iberian handicrafts is in the Empire Room, where Nat Brandwynne's big orchestra sounds amazingly Spanish when necessary, and rapturously American the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In one room of the new and enormous suite called *Peacock Alley, Alex Fogarty is at the piano* off and on from six to twelve and Michael Zarin's orchestra plays dance music from eight-thirty to one every evening except Sunday, when Mr. Borr's boys sit in.

Note—The high-in-the-sky Rainbow Room is an intimate aerie the size of Yellowstone National Park, and affording an even more glorious view. It's open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Soft music bubbles up now and then, and not a single taxi horn is heard. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

le coq rouge, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, who once through Tara's halls, now makes débutante-style dance music here after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays and on Christmas and New Year's Day. . . . **little club,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A bustling oasis symbolically situated east of Broadway and west of Park. The piano of Johnny Mehegan, a Juilliard *cum laude*, is in the brisk vernacular of today, but its flavor is distinctly individual. He's on during dinner and supper. Ralph Strain, who looks in at supper, makes the piano one of the foremost romance languages. They rest on Sundays. . . . **weylin room,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): A neat, polite, well-stocked butler's pantry where, *from six to eight and from ten to two, except* Sundays, Cy Walter and his Steinway are in complete rapport. His final night is Wednesday, Dec. 30. . . . **armando's,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): There's a piano-and-violin obbligato, after ten, to a freshet of conversa-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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tion by old settlers. Closed Sundays and on Christmas and New Year's Day. . . . **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney, who arrives at the coffee-and-brandy hour, performs quiet and elegant études at the pianoforte. Closed Christmas. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey devises bland piano in this thoroughly upholstered manse at cocktails and dinner and after the theatre, except Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): All Latins appear to be lively lovers of music, which gushes forth without cease in this Spanish restaurant. Dancing. Closed Sundays and on Christmas and New Year's Day. . . . **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Surrounded by the outpourings of some fancy-free decorators, Herman Arminski plays piano at cocktails and Rudy Timfield does the same at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and on Christmas and New Year's Day. . . . **CAFÉ MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Lou Wertz is at the piano from cocktails through supper except Sundays, when there's dancing to José Poniera's quintet from one in the afternoon until nine at night. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Anyone not out in the kitchen making fudge in this homestead of gregarious youth is apt to bob up onstage singing along with the pianist. . . . **THE EMPRESS,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-2626): Admirers of Norbert Faconi, a suave exemplar of the strolling violinist, will find him prowling this straight and narrow path at dinner and supper every evening but Sunday. . . . **HARWYN,** 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-1447): A brand-new and opulent assembly hall, almost too pink and glittery to be for real, wherein Ira Brant toys with a baby grand from eight until two or so. Closed Sundays and on Christmas and New Year's Day.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Betty and Jane Kean, a pair of hoydens on the loose, are giving the *reductio-ad-absurdum* treatment to their parodies of people in the public eye. The Dunhills and Jonathan Lucas dance for sheer joy, the Copa beauties dance for the hell of it, and Norman Brooks manages to sound like Al Jolson without looking like Larry Parks, a stunt that fills no known long-felt need. Dancing. . . . **LA VIE EN ROSE,** 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): America's fastest-growing city (it has doubled in size since May) is having its traffic troubles, too. Lillian Roth, a vintage soprano who likes to return to the Big Wheel once in a while, is on deck now, and Julius La Rosa, Arthur Godfrey's ex-Man Friday, will be added on Christmas. Dancing when there's room.

SUPPER CLUBS

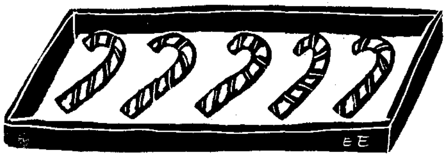
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): For the holidays, this room will be a segment of the Harvard Yard, where two recent alumni, Tom Lehrer and Orson Bean, are separately reciting their original little *contes drolatiques.* The young ladies in attendance are Anita Ellis, a gentle lark, who puts a heart and a soul into some offbeat ballads; and Rose Murphy, no slouch at a piano, who gleefully converts popular lyrics into even greater nonsense. The background is Bart Howard's piano and Jimmy Lyons' trio. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): This small rosebed of talent is putting its best foot forward. Sylvia Syms' lyrics, whether salty or sombre, are often laced with flashes of an errant humor, and Irwin Corey's after-dinner speeches are figments of a gloriously disorganized imagination. There's also Clarence Williams' trio, with Karl Lynch on guitar. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bibi Osterwald, a stentorian but cheerful hoot owl, hoots mightily every night but Sunday. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play industrious double piano, and Hazel Webster (who else?) is the solo pianist. Antique movies on Sundays; amateurs on Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): A symposium on the care and feeding of contemporary love life, couched in the well-chosen words of such poets as Alec Wilder and Bart Howard and set to music by the understanding voice of Mabel Mercer. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Closed Sundays. The place is above the often clamorous ground-floor Show Spot Lounge. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Such a riding to hounds as is seldom heard anywhere. The contributors are Mae Barnes, celebrated for her ability to take a song by both horns; Kirkwood and Goodman, whose riotous stuff and nonsense put them in line for the title of Village idiots; Jimmie Daniels, whose ditties are man-of-the-world romantic; the Three Flames, whose jive tunes, especially when Tiger Haines garnishes them with words, are complete existentialism; Norene Tate, whose voice and piano are nostalgic; and Bruce Kirby, the room's comic utility outfielder. Closed every Monday for repairs. . . . **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): A Vieux Carré sort of ruckus, involving (among other things) the music of Buck Clayton's quartet and Eddie Shu's jazz band and the gyrations of Lilly Christine, who presents a dance that could well be based on the theme of Susanna and the Elders. Dancing.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open until late, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): In this hallowed landmark, now going into its ninth noisy year, Wild Bill Davison's trumpet, the original breaker of the sound barrier, is setting a fast pace for Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, Cliff Leeman, Walter Page, and sometimes even Mr. Condon. In between, Ralph Sutton knocks off some of the hottest piano in town. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the fracture. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): A well-appointed finishing school for warm but subdued jazz musicians. Joe Bushkin and his new pals (Cozy Cole, Johnny Smith, and Clyde Lombardi), plus Eddie Heywood's trio, emit a steady stream of lively sound after nine. For cocktails and dinner, there's eclectic piano by Ronnie Selby. Sunday nights, Barbara Carroll, a delight to the eye as well as to the ear and the mind, plays hooky from "Me and Juliet" to do piano that combines technical brilliance and emotional release. She and her trio, which includes Joe Shulman and Herb Wasserman, operate from dinner to dawn. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five are, as always, hot but not heavy. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons; closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's band, which includes Sidney de Paris and Omer Simeon, keeps firmly to The Faith, which is that old jazz is the best jazz. Don Frye is the solo pianist. *Sundays are guest nights; jam* sessions Monday nights. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Count Basie's big, exultant orchestra and the trio under the command of Bud Powell, a unique thinker-upper of progressive piano, provide a sharp contrast and a heap of good music. The Powell group will be replaced on Thursday, Dec. 31, by Terry Gibbs' quartet. Visitors turn up for the jam sessions, which are held on Mondays. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Conrad Janis and his tailgaters huff and puff in admirable fashion in the grill Tuesdays through Saturdays until after midnight, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. On Sunday, Dec. 27, from five-thirty to eight-thirty, the Janis boys and a clutch of freebooters led by Bobby Hackett will conspire to break the Sabbath peace. Dancing. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Except Mondays, after nine-thirty, Marian McPartland, a crisp and knowledgeable pianist, and her progressive trio are at work inside the circular bar. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): Among the gladsome guests expected on Christmas are Bobby Hackett, Wild Bill Davison, Jimmy McPartland, Miff Mole, Lou McGarity, Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Sullivan, and George Wettling. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Christmas, Saturday, Dec. 26, and New Year's Eve, it is promised, there will be target practice by Big Chief Russell Moore, Jimmy Archey, Sonny Greer, Red Allen, Pee Wee Erwin, and Willie the Lion Smith. Dancing.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Christmas and New Year's Day, and some, as indicated, will be closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

GALLERIES

PEGGY BACON—A new set of her pastels, gouaches, and black-and-whites, some of them with a touch of the macabre added to their irony; through Dec. 26. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.)

EUGENIE BAIZERMAN—A collection of still-lifes, broadly abstract in style and very colorful, by an artist who died four years ago; through Dec. 31. (New Gallery, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

CARROLL CLOAR AND ROBERT KNIPSCHILD—Paintings, vaguely Surrealist in their suggestion, by the first; abstractions, sensitive in color, if somewhat monotonous in design, by the second; through Dec. 24. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

MARCEL DUCHAMP AND FRANCIS PICABIA—Paintings, sculptures, and other items by two early leaders of the Dadaist movement; through Jan. 8. (Fried, 6 E. 65th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

ANDRÉ GIRARD—Four models of paint-on-glass windows in a California church, stained-glass panels done in a new technique, and several canvases executed in Italy and France; through Dec. 31. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

BERTRAM GOODMAN—Paintings, mostly concentrated on city scenes and figure studies, oddly reminiscent of Giacometti in their attenuation; through Dec. 26. (Artisans, 32 W. 58th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

LOUISA JENKINS—A first showing here of this artist's work in the difficult art of mosaics. Many of the examples are religious in theme. Through Dec. 31. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

JEAN LAMBERT-RUCKI—Paintings and sculptures, the latter done in incised and tinted plaster, in a style very much influenced by African and other totemic art; through Dec. 26. (Wor-De-Klee, 35 E. 49th St.)

NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN ART—Carvings, pottery, and other art objects, including some rare pre-Columbian examples; through Jan. 30. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.)

OLD MASTER DRAWINGS—Sketches and more finished examples by Gainsborough, Turner, van Goyen, Degas, and others; through Jan. 9. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

ALFONSO OSSORIO—Abstract-Expressionist paintings, stronger in both design and color than is usual in this school; through Dec. 31. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

WILLIAM PALMER—Landscapes of upper New York by the recent winner of an American Academy of Arts and Letters award for creative work; through Jan. 9. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

REUVEN RUBIN—Drawings of Biblical subjects and Israel by an artist who lives there; through Dec. 31. (Borgenicht, 61 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

SEURAT AND HIS FRIENDS—A loan exhibition

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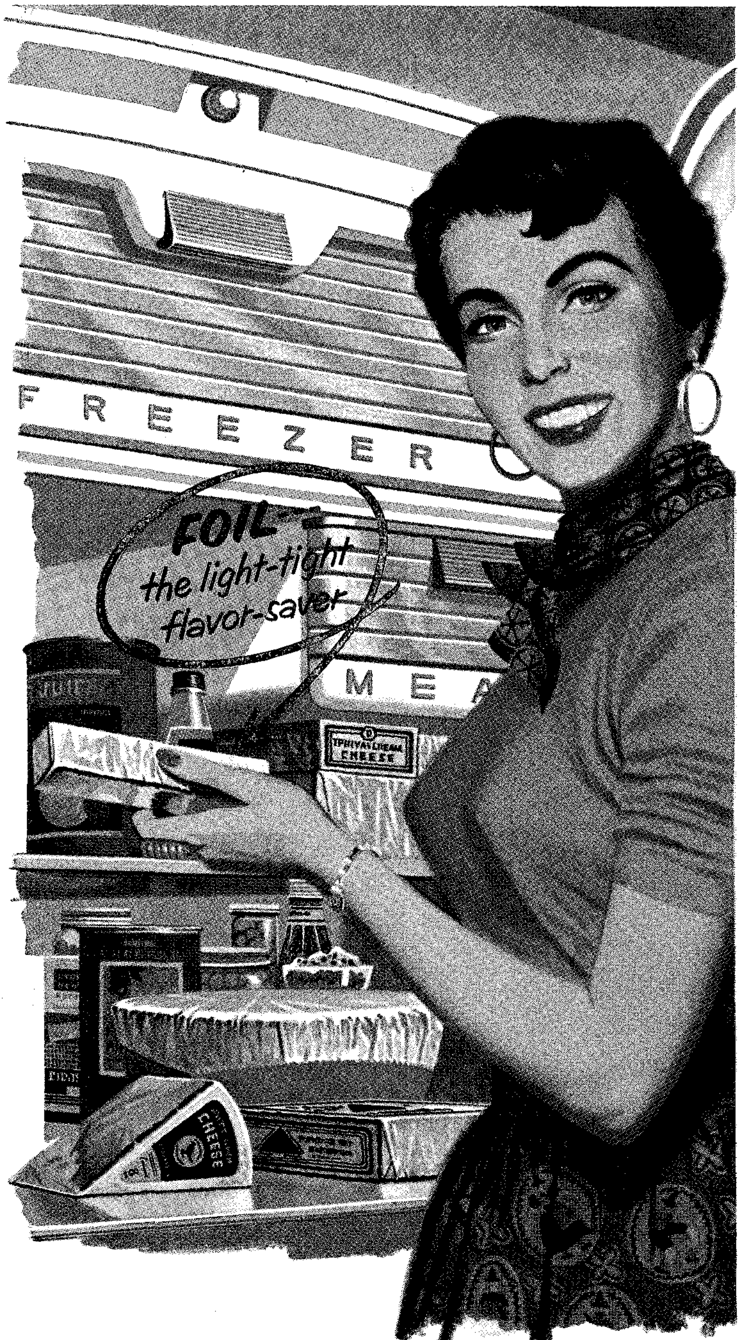
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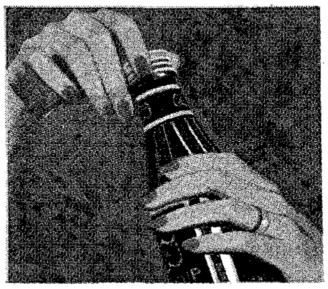

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

focussing attention on a number of lesser-known Pointillists, in addition to the Master himself; for the benefit of the Scholarship Fund of L'Alliance Française de New York; through Dec. 26. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

David Smith—Several new drawings and three small figures by the modern Constructivist sculptor; through Dec. 31. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Kees van Dongen—The first showing in many years of works by a French painter, very popular in the nineteen-twenties, who was somewhat influenced by van Gogh; through Jan. 16. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ART STUDENTS LEAGUE**, 215 W. 57th St.: A Christmas show and sale of works by students, with some excellent pieces among the miscellany; through Dec. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Saturdays, 9 to 4:30.) . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings, small in size, by Americans, ranging from Ryder and Whistler to Jean Liberte and Sol Wilson; through Dec. 31. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.) . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: Prints, paintings, and sculptures by Stanley Tawardowiez, Edward Betts, George Peter, and others; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.) . . . **JACKSON**, 22 E. 66th St.: Clay Bartlett, Robert Cato, and Esther Goetz are among the twenty-odd artists represented here; through Jan. 9. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.) . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Modern paintings recently acquired by the gallery, including some interesting early examples by Miró, Braque, Picabia, and others; through Jan. 2. . . . **KOOTZ**, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Modern French and American canvases by William Baziotes, David Hare, Jean Dubuffet, Robert Motherwell, and others on the gallery's roster; through Dec. 31. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.) . . . **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The last installment of a three-part survey of local painters, this one leaning toward the conservative side; through Dec. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **ARGENT**, 67 E. 59th St.: Clement Reinhold; through Jan. 9. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Group show; through Jan. 2.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Over six hundred oils, water colors, drawings, and prints from the Museum's collection, presenting a cross-section of American art from 1754 to the present. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An extensive, well-organized, and very illuminating retrospective showing of works by the modern French painter Fernand Léger; through Jan. 3. (Weekdays, except Christmas, noon to 7; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Jacques Villon, Henry Moore, and Marino Marini are among the contemporary Europeans represented here in an exhibit of woodcuts, engravings, lithographs, and other prints; through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Recent work in ceramics, wood, metal, leather, glass, and other mediums by American craftsmen throughout the country; through Jan. 3. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—This year's Christmas scene is centered on life-size sculptures in wood of the Three Kings—Balthasar, Gaspar, and Melchior—which were carved by an unknown artist in the late fifteenth century for the Convent of Lichtenthal, in Baden, Germany; through Jan. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Christmas, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A survey of the younger European painters, slightly spotty in character but generally instructive; through Feb. 21. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 6; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A loan exhibit of about thirty works by William Sidney Mount, one of the founders of the American school of genre painting. "Dancing on the Barn Floor" (1831), "The Banjoe Player" (1856), and "Bargaining for a Horse" (1835) are included. Through Feb. 7. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—A selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the Museum's collection, among them examples by Jack Levine, Richard Pousette-Dart, and Yasuo Kuniyoshi; through Jan. 10. (Daily, except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

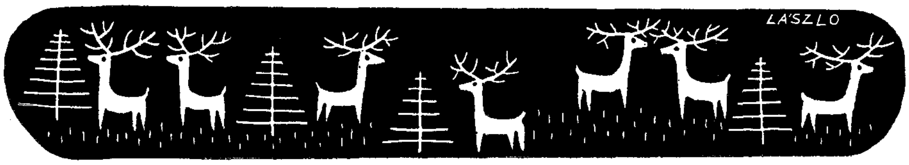
OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Dec. 24, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Nadine Conner, Jean Fenn, Eugene Conley, and Frank Valentino. . . . ¶ Christmas at 8:15: "Il Trovatore," with Zinka Milanov, Elena Nikolaidi, Kurt Baum, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 26, at 2: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lisa Della Casa, Irmgard Seefried, Mildred Miller, Erich Kunz, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 26, at 8: "Tannhäuser," with Margaret Harshaw, Astrid Varnay, Ramon Vinay, George London, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 28, at 8: "Faust," with Victoria de los Angeles, Mildred Miller, Eugene Conley, and Nicola Rossi-Lemeni. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 29, at 8: "Tannhäuser," with Margaret Harshaw, Astrid Varnay, Ramon Vinay, George London, and Jerome Hines. (A benefit sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera Guild for the Opera Production Fund.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 8: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Lucine Amara, Kurt Baum, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8:15: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Eleanor Steber, Patrice Munsel, Jarmila Novotna, Charles Kullman, and John Brownlee. Alicia Markova will appear as guest ballerina. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ New Year's Day at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Margaret Harshaw, Lisa Della Casa, Nicola Rossi-Lemeni, and Cesare Valletti. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 2, at 2: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Nadine Conner, Martha Lipton, Theodor Uppman, and Martial Singher. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 2, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Zinka Milanov, Jean Madeira, Richard Tucker, and Josef Metternich.

ORCHESTRAS

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Bruno Walter conducting: Thursday, Dec. 24, at 8:45; Christmas at 2:30; and Sunday, Dec. 27, at 2:30 (with Irmgard Seefried, soprano). . . . ¶ George Szell conducting: Wagner-Brahms programs, Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8:45, and New Year's Day at 2:30 (both with Leon Fleisher, piano). . . . ¶ Franco Autori conducting: Saturday, Jan. 2, at 8:45 (with Jacob Lateiner, piano).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Igor Stravinsky conducting a program that will include two of



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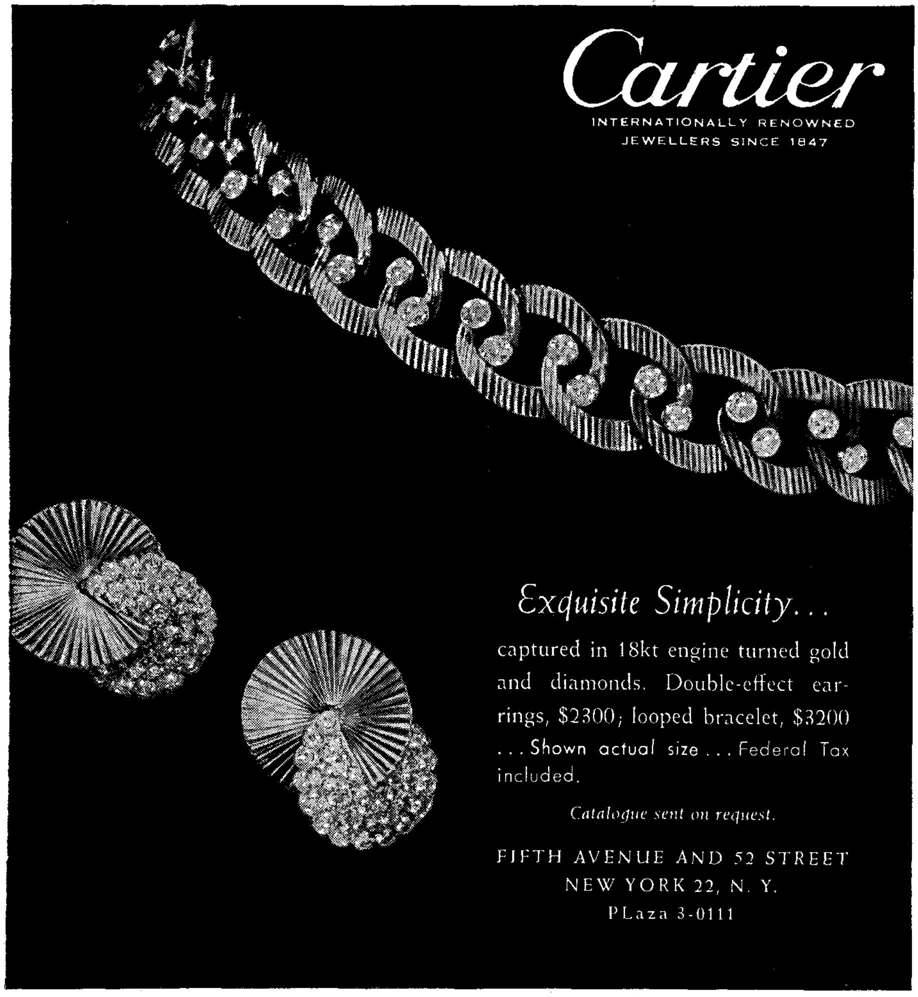

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his own works. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 29, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Chamber Music at the Circle—An all-Bach program, with Alexander Schneider, violin; Martial Singher, baritone; Harry Shulman, oboe; and others. The second in a series of six concerts. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Thursday, Dec. 24, at midnight.)

New York Pro Musica Antiqua—A group of singers and instrumentalists in a program of fifteenth-century music; the second in a series of three concerts. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Dec. 27, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—A program called "From Old Vienna to New York," with Herva Nelli, soprano; Jean Madeira, mezzo-soprano; Gabor Carelli, tenor; George London and Theodor Uppman, baritones; Gerhard Pechner, bass; Mata and Hari and Pearl Primus, dancers; and others. A benefit for the Hunter College Scholarship Funds. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Thursday, Dec. 31, at 9:15.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Lulu Perez vs. Dave Gallardo, featherweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 1. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 27: Rangers vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 29: Rangers vs. Boston. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Horse Show—Ox Ridge Hunt Club (Indoor) Horse Show. (Darien, Conn. Saturday, Jan. 2.)

Indoor Polo—Two matches every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the **PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY:** Wilfrid Pelletier conducting, with Phyllis Laver, piano, and the Bell Ringers of the Presbyterian Church. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Dec. 26, at 3.) . . . **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY:** Thomas Scherman directing performances of "Babar," a children's opera, and "Peter and the Wolf," the latter with Lisl Weil, illustrator. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 28-29, at 2:30. For tickets, call CI 5-5159.)

Plays—By the **PLAYMART CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "The Christmas Festival." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturday, Dec. 26, at 1 and 2:45, and Sunday, Dec. 27, at 2:45. For tickets, call PL 3-0746.) . . . **JUNIOR THEATRE:** "Five Little Peppers and How They Grew," Saturday, Dec. 26. . . . ¶ "Little Men," Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 28-30, and Saturday, Jan. 2. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday at 10:30 and 2:15, and every other day at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . **Y PLAYHOUSE COMPANY:** "Greensleeves." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Dec. 27, at 1:30 and 3:30; Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 28-30, at 11, 1, and 2:40; and Thursday, Dec. 31, at 11 and 2:40.)

Salzburg Marionette Theatre—Presenting a performance, primarily for children, of "The Wizard of Oz." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 26, at 3.)

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.) . . . ¶ "Treasure Island," a Walt Disney film, with Bobby Driscoll and Robert Newton. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 29-30, at 11 and 2:30. Admission is free.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every weekday, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent until around the end of January; there will, however, be periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings start at 10:30 and 2:30 Monday through Thursday, Dec. 28-31. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building about every ten minutes daily, except Christmas and New Year's Day, from 9:30 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658. (Closed Christmas and New Year's weekends.)

Knickerbocker Santa Claus—Manuscripts, books, and paintings in a show depicting the transition of our American Santa Claus from a dwarf, as suggested by Washington Irving's "Knickerbocker History of New York" (1809) and Clement C. Moore's "A Visit from St. Nicholas" (1823), to the rotund version of today, first seen in drawings by Thomas Nast in 1863; through Jan. 5. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.)

Christmas Flower Show—Poinsettias, begonias, cyclamens, and other festive blossoms, together with a crèche decorated with some of the plants referred to in the Bible, such as cedar of Lebanon and olive; through Jan. 3. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4:30.)

New York City Receptions—Presidents, generals, kings, queens, princes, sports champions, war heroes, and other notables are the subjects of four hundred photographs taken during official city welcomes within the last thirty-five years. Charles A. Lindbergh, General Pershing, Lloyd George, Gertrude Ederle, Herbert Hoover, and President Eisenhower are among the many. Through Dec. 31. (Mayor's Reception Committee, 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. Weekdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 11 to 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Airplane Exhibit—About forty airplane models documenting the progress of the flying machine from the time of Leonardo da Vinci's first designs to a futuramic moon ship. Also, a reconstruction of a prehistoric dragonfly, pictures of flying chariots and balloon ascensions (the first in France in 1783), and other material pertaining to man's efforts to fly; through Feb. 27. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St.—The December show presents five scientific theories pertaining to the identity of the star of Bethlehem; views of the Christmas skies as they appeared almost two thousand years ago in Palestine and as they look today in South America; and, in addition, such Christmas illusions as a heaven filled with a lollipop tree, Santa Claus, and toys. Through Jan. 3. (Thursday, Dec. 24, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Christmas at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 26, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 27, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Monday through Thursday, Dec. 28-31, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; New Year's Day at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Saturday, Jan. 2, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Dec. 27: "Louisiana Story" (1948), produced and directed by Robert Flaherty for the Standard Oil Company. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 28: "The Mikado" (1939), with Kenny Baker and the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing. The Museum will be closed on Christmas.)

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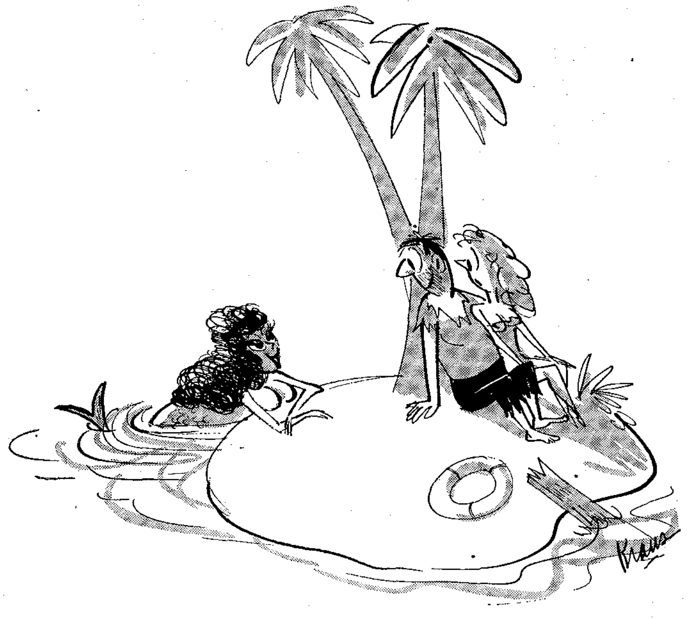
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MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

ANNAPURNA—How things went with the French expedition, led by Maurice Herzog, that conquered one of the highest mountains in the Himalayas and paid terribly in personal suffering for the triumph. A gallant and colorful picture. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

THE BAND WAGON—Some good old songs, by Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz, and some lively new dances help make this new Astaire picture diverting. The Master is aided by Cyd Charisse, Jack Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Dec. 27-29.)

THE CAPTAIN'S PARADISE—Alec Guinness as a mariner deeply devoted to the two wives he bigamously maintains at each end of a Mediterranean shuttle run. As the wife ensconced in Gibraltar, Celia Johnson is an ideal homebody; as the one sequestered in Spanish Morocco, Yvonne De Carlo is highly explosive. Mr. Guinness is extremely comical in both ports of call. An English picture. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

CEASE FIRE!—A three-dimensional report on one small segment of the fighting in Korea. Very realistic, since the cast is entirely made up of combat soldiers. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; through Dec. 29.)

THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST—Up to the mountaintops again. On this occasion, the host is the British expedition that scaled the highest peak in the world in May of this year. Probably the best film on the subject ever made. Magnificently photographed and with an enlightening commentary written by Louis MacNeice. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

THE CRUEL SEA—H.M.S. Compass Rose and H.M.S. Saltash Castle performing valiant service in the struggle against the U-boats during the Second World War. A superb British version of the Monsarrat novel. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Dec. 26. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Dec. 29-30.)

FANFAN THE TULIP—Gérard Philipe simulates a number of the gymnastic feats of Douglas Fairbanks in this merry French burlesque of movie costume drama. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 25.)

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY—A rousing movie version of the James Jones novel about Army life in Hawaii before the Second World War. Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra play the soldiers who figure most prominently, and they all do a nice job. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting Dec. 30.)

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company makes a stimulating affair of the various light operas studded brightly through this story of the careers of the Victorian minstrels. Robert Morley and Maurice Evans are commendable as, respectively, the poet and the composer. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 24-25, at 2:30 and 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 26, at 2:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 11:30; and Sunday through Wednesday, Dec. 27-30, at 2:30, 5:30, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

JULIUS CAESAR—Joseph L. Mankiewicz's interpretation of the Shakespearean drama. It has a lot of oral dignity but could do with a little more movement. In the cast are John Gielgud, James Mason, and Edmond O'Brien. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

LITTLE FUGITIVE—An unpretentious film that catches with wonderful precision the emotions of a small boy on the loose at Coney Island. Richie Andrusco is utterly captivating as the boy, and he has been surrounded by some fine photography by Morris Engel. (Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

THE LIVING DESERT—Another Disney exploration into the world of birds, insects, and animals, this time those of the Western deserts of the United States. Some of the creatures under surveillance are a bit hard to take (snakes, rats, tarantulas, bats, and the like), but the picture has plenty of action and enormous detail. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

MARTIN LUTHER—An eminently satisfactory review of the life of the great German reformer. Niall Mac Ginnis is extremely persuasive as the monk from Wittenberg. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Dec. 28.)

THE MOON IS BLUE—Some Manhattan mating cries set down fairly authentically by F. Hugh Herbert. The result is spasmodically funny. With Maggie McNamara, William Holden, and David Niven. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Dec. 28.)

THE ROBE—The problems of the early Christians. All wool and a yard wide, owing to the fact that it is done in CinemaScope, which gives quite a spread to the screen. Richard Burton, Victor Mature, Michael Rennie, and Jean Simmons are all visible. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting Dec. 25.)

ROMAN HOLIDAY—A lovely princess (Audrey Hepburn) breaks away from a royal tour in Rome, meets up with an American newspaperman (Gregory Peck) and a photographer (Eddie Albert), and has a wonderful time in the old town. You will, too. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Dec. 25.)

THE SWORD AND THE ROSE—Court doings in Henry VIII's time, with Henry ordering his sister to marry the King of France. She has different, less regal plans. Dull in spots, exciting in many others. With Glynis Johns and Richard Todd. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Dec. 25.)

REVIVALS

ALONG CAME JONES (1945)—Gary Cooper, Loretta Young, and Dan Duryea in a burlesque Western. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Dec. 26.)

FIVE FINGERS (1952)—A spy drama, with James Mason as the sneaky one. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 26.)

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST (1952)—Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, and Edith Evans in Wilde's farce. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Dec. 30.)

IN A LONELY PLACE (1950)—Humphrey Bogart as the key suspect in a Hollywood murder case. With Gloria Grahame. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 29-30.)

KISS OF DEATH (1947)—Gangster homicide in New York. With Victor Mature and Richard Widmark. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Dec. 24.)

LIMELIGHT (1952)—An aging music-hall comedian in love with a waif. Charles Chaplin and Claire Bloom. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Dec. 27.)

THE LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO (1953)—A hardboiled priest (Fernandel) frustrating the plans of a Communist mayor (Gino Cervi) in a small town in Italy. Made in Italy, with French dialogue. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Dec. 27-30, tentative.)

STAGE DOOR (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Dec. 25.)

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE (1951)—Tennessee Williams' story of a shabby New Orleans family. With Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Dec. 27-29.)

SUSPICION (1941)—Francis Iles' "Before the Fact," done by Hitchcock. Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Dec. 24. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 26.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—More Hitchcock mystification, taking in a shooting in a theatre, a man hunt in Scotland, and so on. With Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Dec. 24. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Dec. 25.)

TOP HAT (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Dec. 24.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—See listing under "Other Events," page 9.

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through the afternoon of Dec. 24: "Queen of Sheba," Leonora Ruffo.
From Dec. 24, at 6: "The Bigamist," Edmond O'Brien, Joan Fontaine, Ida Lupino.

BIJOU, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
GILBERT AND SULLIVAN.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Miss Sadie Thompson" (in 3-D), Rita Hayworth, José Ferrer.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through Dec. 29: **CEASE FIRE!**
From Dec. 30: "The Paratrooper," Alan Ladd, Leo Genn.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"How to Marry a Millionaire" (in CinemaScope), Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, Lauren Bacall.

HOLIDAY, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530)
"Public Enemy," revival, James Cagney, Jean Harlow; and "Little Caesar," revival, Edward G. Robinson.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Dec. 24: "Take the High Ground," Richard Widmark, Karl Malden.
From Dec. 25: "Here Come the Girls," Bob Hope, Tony Martin, Arlene Dahl.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Easy to Love," Esther Williams, Van Johnson, Tony Martin.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Dec. 24: "Hondo" (in 3-D), John Wayne, Geraldine Page.
From Dec. 25: "The Eddie Cantor Story," Keefe Brasselle, Marilyn Erskine.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"King of the Khyber Rifles" (in CinemaScope), Tyrone Power, Terry Moore.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Beneath the 12-Mile Reef" (in CinemaScope), a semi-documentary film about sponge fishing in Florida, with Terry Moore and Robert Wagner.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Dec. 27: "How to Marry a Millionaire" (in CinemaScope), Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, Lauren Bacall.
From Dec. 28: "All the Brothers Were Valiant," Robert Taylor, Stewart Granger.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Man Between," James Mason, Claire Bloom.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," a demonstration of a new movie-projection technique. (Thursday, Dec. 24, at 2:40 and 8:40; Christmas at 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturday, Dec. 26, at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sunday through Wednesday, Dec. 27-30, at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

Steps Also Go Up

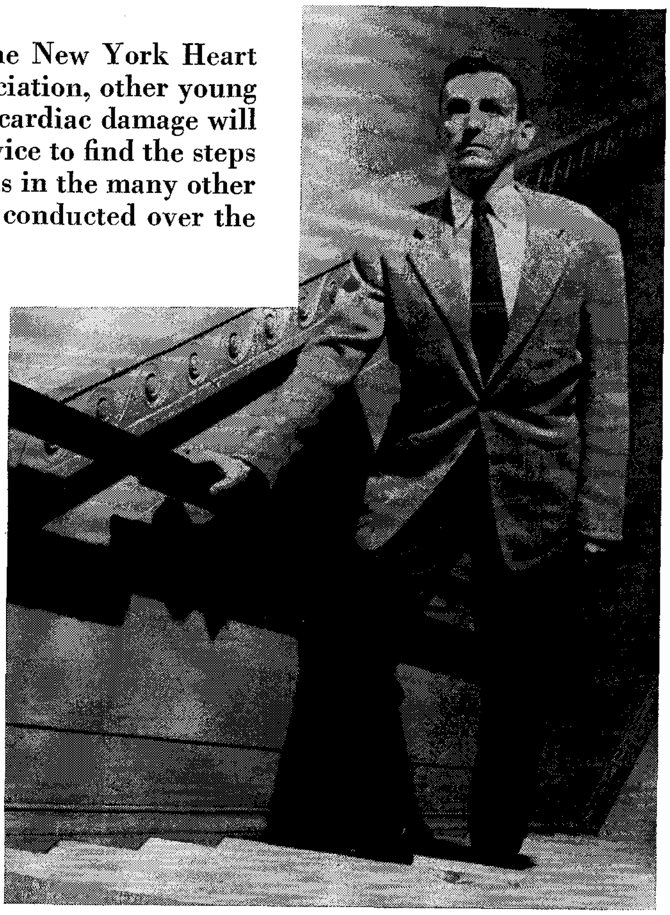
Two years ago, Johnny had that love of life which is sweet and sharp and deep in a 'teen-age boy. Then suddenly it was snatched from him by rheumatic fever, thief of youth . . . and he took the steps in the swift descent into fear and desperation.

The doctors wagged their heads over Johnny. Was his future, like that of so many other youngsters, to be clouded by a crippled heart? For Johnny rebelled at physical restrictions. He went on playing baseball, trying with passionate intensity to hold the popularity won from thoughtless and aggressive playmates. Moreover, there was no money. So Johnny continued to take odd jobs as a delivery boy. Lifting and carrying heavy loads led to the inevitable breakdown . . . and to the hospital.

Later, in a convalescent institution, Johnny did get some schooling. But his hopes were once more dashed upon return to public school, when he found this work could not be credited. A period of indifference followed, and Johnny began to associate with boys who were thinking of leaving school. Finally he was referred to the Vocational Advisory Service.

Tests proved Johnny's basic intelligence and his capacity for skilled craftsmanship. Light work was obtained for him as a mimeograph operator, and he began to earn money again. Counselors arranged for him to visit a trade center where he became greatly interested in wood-working . . . a trade the doctors say is within his strength. Johnny's despair has lifted, and he is now working hard in school to prepare for special training in his newly-found vocation.

Under a program sponsored by the New York Heart Association and the American Heart Association, other young people suffering from rheumatic fever or cardiac damage will be helped by the Vocational Advisory Service to find the steps leading upward to a normal, useful life. As in the many other projects for boys and girls the V.A.S. has conducted over the years, the results of this pilot work will be made available to other agencies and communities.



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VOCATIONAL ADVISORY SERVICE

432 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

Counseling • Scholarships • Information

Mrs. Beardsley Ruml, President
Dr. Helen R. Smith, Director
Leonard D. Adkins, Treasurer

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ALTMAN'S

Our own Balta® terry towels by Martex. Generously proportioned, in smart, new colors: charcoal, walnut, platinum, spruce green, azalea, sunflower, bud pink, coronation red, top brass, nile green, azure blue or aquamist; also white. Extra large bath towel 25x50 in., dozen regularly 26.50, **19.95** Hand towel, 16x28 in., dozen regularly 9.50, **8.50** Wash cloths, 13x13 in., dozen regularly 3.95, **3.50**

JANUARY

Baltacale sheets and cases . . . for a well-stocked linen closet. Fine long staple cotton woven 180 threads to the square inch, and carefully combed to smooth percale perfection. Available in both the regular and bottom-fitted styles. White only. Sizes before hemming: 72x108 in., regularly 3.19, **2.69** 90x108 in., regularly 3.79, **3.19** cases, 45x38 1/2 in., regularly .89, **.75** Fitted sheets . . . twin size, regularly 3.19, **2.69** full size, regularly 3.49, **2.89**

WHITE SALES

Lamb's wool comforter . . . snug warmth at winter savings. Hand-stitched in an attractive diamond pattern, finished on four sides with deep scalloping. Fine quality acetate satin covering in grey, egg-shell, pink, copen blue, gooseberry green, rosedust or maize. Cut size 80x84 in., regularly 39.95, **29.95** Altman table, bath and bed linens, fourth floor. Come in, write, or phone MUrrayhill 9-7000.

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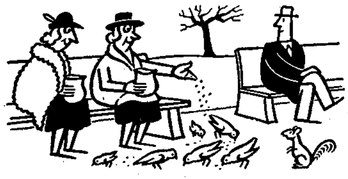
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AT Christmas one should think about birth—an easy task for us, since we have just returned from a pilgrimage to see a newborn child. Instead of following a star, we simply followed directions given us by the child's parents; took the ten-o'clock train, and found the infant in Boston, where it lay behind glass in a hospital. No shepherds were abiding there, but there was a nurse in a mask attending, and the glory of the Lord shone round about—a child seen through a glass clearly. Like all very new infants, this one appeared to be clothed in innocence and wisdom, probably more of each than he will ever attain again in his life. In the conventional manner, we brought gifts—a flowering plant, a bottle of wine. Then we went out to the Public Gardens to see Mary and Jesus on the island in the lake, a pale-blue Madonna and Child, with ducks circling around. A Boston lady in a shabby coat fed pigeons and sparrows near us where we sat, and she was soon joined by another lady, in a fur cape, who also had crumbs to offer. A squirrel, who seemed well acquainted with the visitors, waited his chance and leapt astride the cape. The feeding went on for a while: a scene of serenity, good will, and competence, each bird being known individually, the more timid ones being given special treatment. When the second lady arose and departed, she sent a little cry of farewell to her friend. "Goodbye for now!" she said, her voice rising. "Meantime, feed the birds!" This simple, bright warning, hurled against the terrible dark dome of the modern sky of anxiety and trouble, had a gentle, lunatic sound that has since echoed in our ear. It made us aware of our own need to send out at this season some general cry of good will to friends. We hope that another year will see the world of men and birds grow steadier, the free spirit stronger under its afflictive load; we hope the insane hatred of nation for nation will yield to the promise of a fertile world that is ready to be good to all when each is just to the other; we pray for the lifting of curtains, so that the dimly discernible feeling of community among peoples may shine with a clearer light. We send best wishes for a bright Christmas and for the coming of man's humanity to man. Meantime, feed the birds!



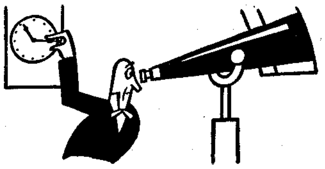
The Astronomer Royal

SIR HAROLD SPENCER JONES, the Astronomer Royal of the United Kingdom, is a huge man of sixty-three, with a granitelike, handsome countenance, bushy eyebrows, and a lofty forehead. He flew over here recently at the invitation of the World Calendar Association, of 630 Fifth Avenue, to talk on "Is There a Need for Calendar Revision?" at the Hayden Planetarium. We had a cup of coffee with him at the Chatham, where he was staying, and with Mr. Charles D. Morris, editor of the *Journal of Calendar Reform.*

"The calendar-reform situation looks as though it were coming to a head now," Mr. Morris said. "The United Nations delegate from India, acting under direct instructions from Nehru, has put it on the provisional agenda for the U.N. next summer. Nehru thinks that the policy of integrating the national life of India requires unification of the calendar. Russian support is indicated. A couple of boys named U.S. and U.K. will be very reluctant to oppose India on this count. The thing is tucked away in the right compartment now."

"I'm for Miss Achelis," Sir Harold said, referring to Miss Elisabeth Achelis, president of the World Calendar Association, which recommends four identical quarters of one thirty-one-day month and two thirty-day months, plus a three-hundred-and-sixty-fifth day in ordinary years, and three-hundred-and-sixty-fifth and three-hundred-and-sixty-sixth days in leap years. The present, or Gregorian, calendar, Sir Harold said, makes the year twenty-six seconds too long, causing the seasons to drift backward at the rate of one day every 3,323 years.

We requested Sir Harold to drift backward over his life, and he gazed at us for a full ten seconds before replying. "I am the tenth Astronomer Royal in two hundred and seventy-eight years," he said in low, measured tones. "The appointment is made by the Prime Minister, and the Astronomer Royal is an employee of the Admiralty. He is the director of the Royal Greenwich Observatory, which sets the time for the world. There was a difference between the Paris Observatory, which is older, and Greenwich in the early days. Greenwich was founded to obtain information on the sun and the moon and the planets, in order to improve knowledge about their positions and motions to assist in navigation. Many ships were lost in those days."

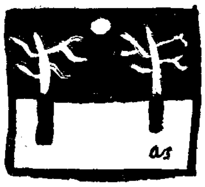


Sir Harold paused and stared at us again.

"Whereas Paris?" we asked.

"Whereas Paris worked just at the whim of a particular director," he said. "No continuity. That's why the meridian that passes through Greenwich was the only one seriously considered when your State Department called a conference in Washington in 1884 to determine from what meridian geographers all over the world should reckon longitude. However, since 1948 we've been moving the observatory from Greenwich to the Castle of Herstmonceux, in Sussex, sixty miles outside London. The move will be completed in 1956. We are moving because of the smog in London and because light conditions at night there are bad. Too many neon signs. Herstmonceux dates from 1440; the government modernized it for us. I live in part of it. It's not one of those grim castles. The rooms are light and airy. It's the earliest large brick building—rose-pink brick—in England. We now compute time there, so Greenwich time is being figured one minute and twenty seconds away from the meridian."

Sir Harold, who has headed the Greenwich Observatory since 1933 and was knighted in 1943, was born in London, the son of an accountant. He was an outstanding student of mathematics and physical optics at Cambridge, and between 1923 and 1933 he was His Majesty's Astronomer at the Royal Observatory in Cape Town. "That observatory was founded in 1820," he said. "Greenwich can't observe the whole sky—just the Northern Hemisphere. The Cape takes care of the Southern Hemisphere. A new star was discovered in a rather interesting way while I was down there. I've forgotten what the man's name was. He was a postal employee. Going home in the early hours of the morning in 1925, he looked at the sky and didn't recognize that chap up there. Something looked wrong. He did the proper thing. He sent a telegram to the Cape Observatory. We got a spectrum of the star that very night, while it was increasing in brightness. It showed that stars expand enormously when they flare up. We called it Nova Pictoris 1925. It can still be observed—faintly."



We asked the Astronomer Royal what time it was. He consulted a wristwatch, which agreed with ours. "I haven't brought my best watch," he said. "This is my second-best. My good watch is on British time, and I don't want to change it to local time. It always astonishes me—the precision with which a commercial watch can record eighty-six thousand and four hundred seconds in a day. A really good watch can keep within thirty seconds of correct time a couple of years on end. When I first worked as Chief Assistant at Greenwich—I succeeded Sir Arthur Eddington in that post in 1913—we used a pendulum clock whose smallest measurement was a tenth of a second. Now we use the quartz clock, which divides seconds into one-hundred-thousandths. Research on an atomic clock is being carried on."

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SOUTHWESTERN INTELLIGENCE: The first joint annual meeting of the Southwestern Psychological Association and the Texas Psychological Association, which took place early this month in San Antonio, discussed, among other matters, "Special Problems in the Education of Professional Grand Ballroom Psychologists."

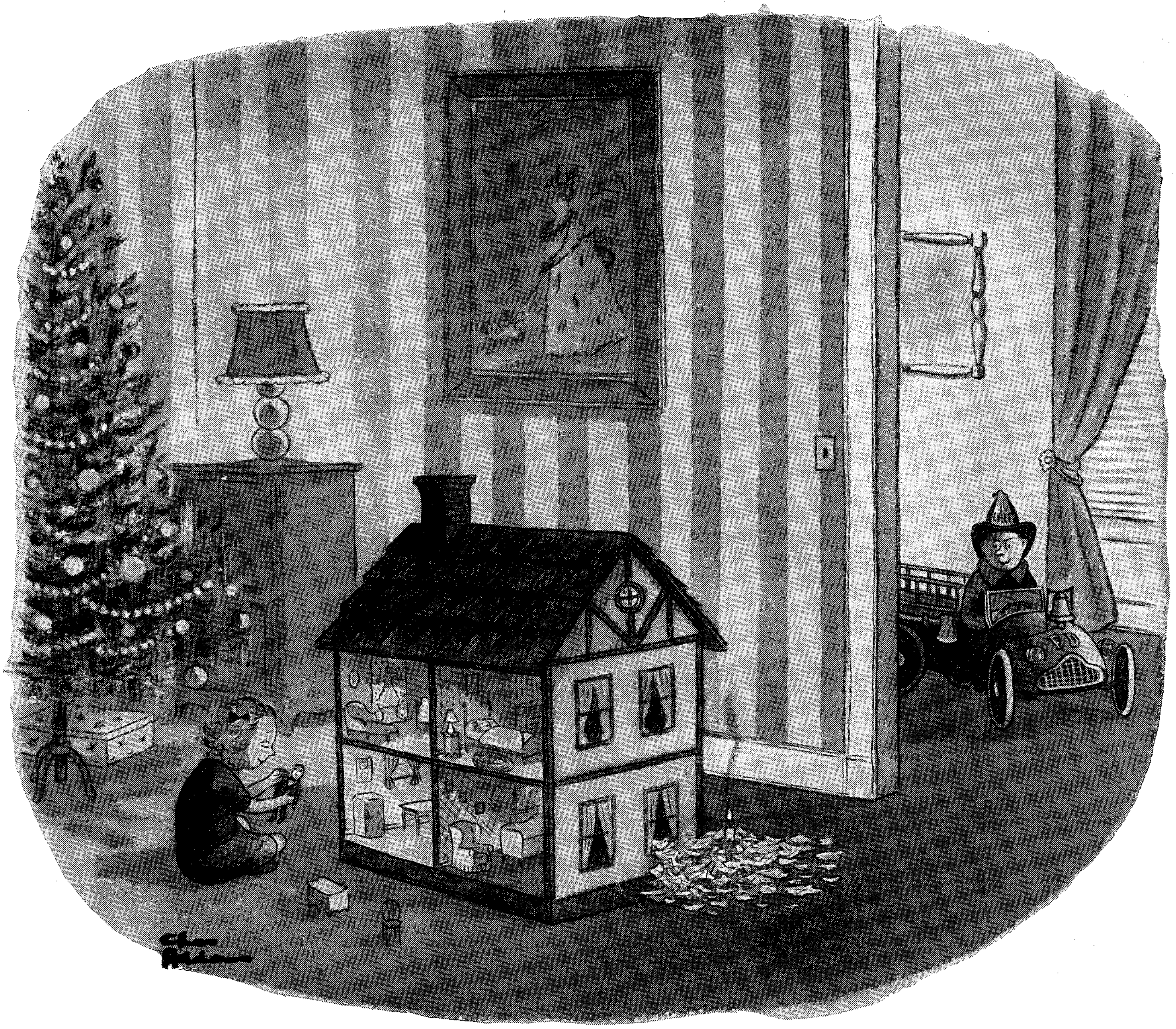
Lotos Pancakes

WE don't know which fascinates us more—glimpses of club life or bites of really good pancakes. We had a chance to indulge both tastes recently when Mr. Harry A. Bruno—president of the Lotos Club and a man whose entry in *Who's Who* lists him as, additionally, a member of the Quiet Birdmen, Early Birds, Wings, New York Athletic, Military-Naval, Sales Executives, Rockefeller Center Luncheon, and Adventurers Clubs, this city, not to mention the Gypsy Trail, of Carmel, New York; the National Press, of Washington; the Portage Country, of Akron, Ohio; and the Shadow Mountain, of Palm Desert, California—wrote us a letter inviting us to sample the pancakes at the Lotos. "To a few cognoscenti," a club pamphlet he enclosed read, "the Lotos is remarkable for its pancakes. And our club pancakes are remarkable, compounded with aged batter and loving care, darkly brown, ineffably light, with dry interiors, so tender that they tear under the fork, so delicately flavorsome they can be eaten unadorned. And once ingested, they result in no regret but only a buoyant, well-fed euphoria! Such pancakes are available any day at the Lotos. On Sunday, with crisp, gently spiced sausages, they are a standard brunch specialty."

We accepted by return post, and presently Mr. John Gilland Brunini, a director of the Lotos and the chairman of its house committee, called up and said he had been delegated to pilot the pancakes into *our* dry interior. We repaired to the clubhouse on the appointed day, a Monday, and found it to be the old William J. Schieffelin house, on East Sixty-sixth Street, a French Renaissance pleasure dome, designed by Richard M. Hunt, that Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, a daughter of William H. Vanderbilt, built for *her* daughter, Mrs. Schieffelin, in 1900. "We bought it in 1947," Mr. Brunini said. "At a dinner that we gave in the old ballroom a few years ago, General Frederick Osborn was one of the guests, and he said, 'The last time I was in this room, I danced with my bride of two hours.' It turned out he had married a daughter of the Schieffelins."

Our host took us to the grillroom and ordered pancakes and sausages for us and a ham sandwich for himself. "I'm not going to join you," he said. "I have to watch my waistline. The pancakes are a Sunday specialty, but I'm never here Sundays. I go to my sister's place at Roslyn Estates and work in the garden." He walked us around the room, the walls of which were lined with menus of dinners given by the club to various notables, from 1872 on. The earlier menus bore splendid lithographs of such celebrated guests as Hans von Bülow, Vicomte Ferdinand de Lesseps, General Grant, Henry M. Stanley, Walter Damrosch, Paderewski, Mark Twain, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and Chauncey M. Depew. The Mark Twain menu included Innocent Oysters Abroad, Roughing It Soup, Jumping Frog Terrapin, and Punch Brothers Punch. "The club gave a dinner for Mary Garden in 1922," Mr. Brunini said. "She was the first woman allowed in the club and the only woman present at the dinner. Now we have a ladies' lounge, a ladies' dining room, and mixed cocktail parties."

Returning to our table, we plunged into pancakes and sausages. "How are they?" Mr. Brunini asked anxiously. "I've never had them." We assured him they were all that had been claimed for them. Buoyant and euphoric, we visited the kitchen and congratulated the chef, Victor Albertelli. We then followed Mr. B. on a club tour, which embraced Childe Hassam paintings, portraits of past Lotos presidents, immense chandeliers, elaborate wood carvings, and a fireplace in every room. "Every fireplace is different and they all work," Mr. Brunini said. "We don't use them, but it's nice to know they work." He handed us a club yearbook, and from it we learned that the club life of President Bruno is by no means confined to New York, Washington, Akron, and Palm Desert. By virtue of a reciprocal-relations entente, he and his fellow-members of the Lotos are *personae gratae* of the Cliff Dwellers, of Chicago; the Fort Worth Club, of Fort Worth; the Kansas City Club, of Kansas City; the University Club, of Philadelphia; the Queen City Club, of Cincinnati; the Devonshire, Garrick,



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and Savage Clubs, of London; the Union Interalliée, of Paris; the Johnsonian Club, of Brisbane; the Yorick Club, of Melbourne; the Mount Stephen Club, of Montreal; the Quebec Garrison Club, of Quebec; and the Club Athénien, of Athens. We don't know a damn thing about Athenian pancakes, but we're open to invitations.

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OVERHEARD by an eavesdropping mother, six-year-old girl to her five-year-old sister: "I had a terrible dream last night. I dreamed it was Christmas morning and only books and records were under the tree. No toys or anything—just books and records. It was *terrible!*"

Controversial Little Cuss

THE news that Bill Mauldin, of all people, had been elected national commander of a veterans' organization—the American Veterans Committee—led us to have lunch with him the other day. We can report that Willie and Joe's celebrated creator, who has been a veteran for eight and a half years, still looks amazingly youthful, with crew-cut hair, a babyish expression, and ears that jut out like a puppy's. Mauldin ordered scallops and a Burgundy—"I am a nonconformist and like red wine with fish," he told us defiantly—and then announced gravely that he had just given up smoking, after twenty years' faithful addiction. Startled, we asked how old he was now. "Thirty-two," he said.

After the lunch had arrived, we inquired how Mauldin, as the erstwhile spokesman for the lowly foot soldier, felt at being the commander-in-chief of a host of military men, or ex-military men. "I'm not quite sure," he said. "Compared to the other outfits, there are just a handful of guys in A.V.C., you know. They're all fearfully intelligent. Lawyers, and that kind. I guess I'm probably the only member who never graduated from high school. It awes me to stand up in front of them. As a matter of fact, I'm not much of a team man. As a kid, I never went in much for group sports like football. I've always preferred sports where I was more on my own, like fencing and archery. About the only asset I've got as a leader is that I'm a pop-off. I'm not a political scientist. I'm a real controversial little cuss."

Mauldin paused to sip his Burgundy. "The thing that appeals to me about A.V.C.," he went on, reinvigorated, "is that it's a veterans' organization opposed to veterans' organizations. It has the motto 'Citizens first, veterans second.' I like that. I've always thought that serving in the armed forces is a duty of citizenship—I volunteered in 1940—and that soldiers deserve no special recognition when they get out, except in the case of those who've been

“Well then, how about a merry marital mixup?”

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killed or seriously wounded. I think the families of men killed in combat ought to get fabulous pensions—as much as the dead men could have earned if they’d survived. That goes for the badly crippled, too. But I don’t think anybody else is entitled to a damn thing. And yet you’ve got a whole slew of members of other veterans’ organizations who not only want to live off the government but think they’ve somehow earned the right to set themselves up as censors to boot. I don’t want A.V.C. to get big and try to tell other people what to do or what not to do. I hope it stays small and rebellious, like a terrier.”

A.V.C.’s small and rebellious leader lives with his wife and their four children across the Hudson, in New City, in a house he bought four years ago from Marion Hargrove, the author of “See Here, Private Hargrove,” who bought it just after the Second World War. “It’s a curious coincidence that practically all the royalties from the two best-selling war books went into the same piece of real estate,” Mauldin told us. *His* best-seller of that era was “Up Front,” which, like its postwar sequel, “Back Home,” was a Book-of-the-Month Club selection. Three more books of his have since been published; as a veteran, he has done more writing than cartooning. He still loves to draw, though. A few weeks ago, while meditating at home, he got an idea for an exceedingly timely cartoon at midnight, and called up the editor of an afternoon paper and told him he could have the drawing free. When the editor grumpily informed him that the deadline for such contributions was only four hours away, Mauldin, far from discouraged, dashed off his cartoon, leaped into his car, drove the thirty miles to New York, and burst into the newspaper office, finished work in hand, at three-forty-five in the morning. Mauldin’s most recent book was a slim volume entitled “Bill Mauldin in Korea,” which came out a year ago. “The publishers wanted that title, but I objected to it,” he said. “It sounded to me too much like ‘Tom Swift and His Motorboat.’ I also said that the three dollars they proposed to charge for it was a lot too steep for such a little book. We argued back and forth for a while, and they finally said they’d cut the price if I’d accept their title. I was delighted to win my point, so I yielded on theirs. Then the book came out as ‘Bill Mauldin in Korea,’ priced at two ninety-five.”

Mauldin has also been an actor, having played the Loud Soldier in the film “The Red Badge of Courage.” He has no further plans along those lines. “Movie acting is like driving a locomotive,” he told us. “It’s one of those things you want to do once in your life, and once is enough. Even if I had been interested in movie acting, which I’m not, I’d have been put off it by the fact that it’s the nearest thing I know of to being in the Army. The pay is glorified, but the spirit is that of the Army. The only guys in movies who keep busy are the director and his crew; the actors are just silly little dolls sitting there waiting to be picked up and pushed around. Like in the Army, all you do in Hollywood is hurry up and wait.”

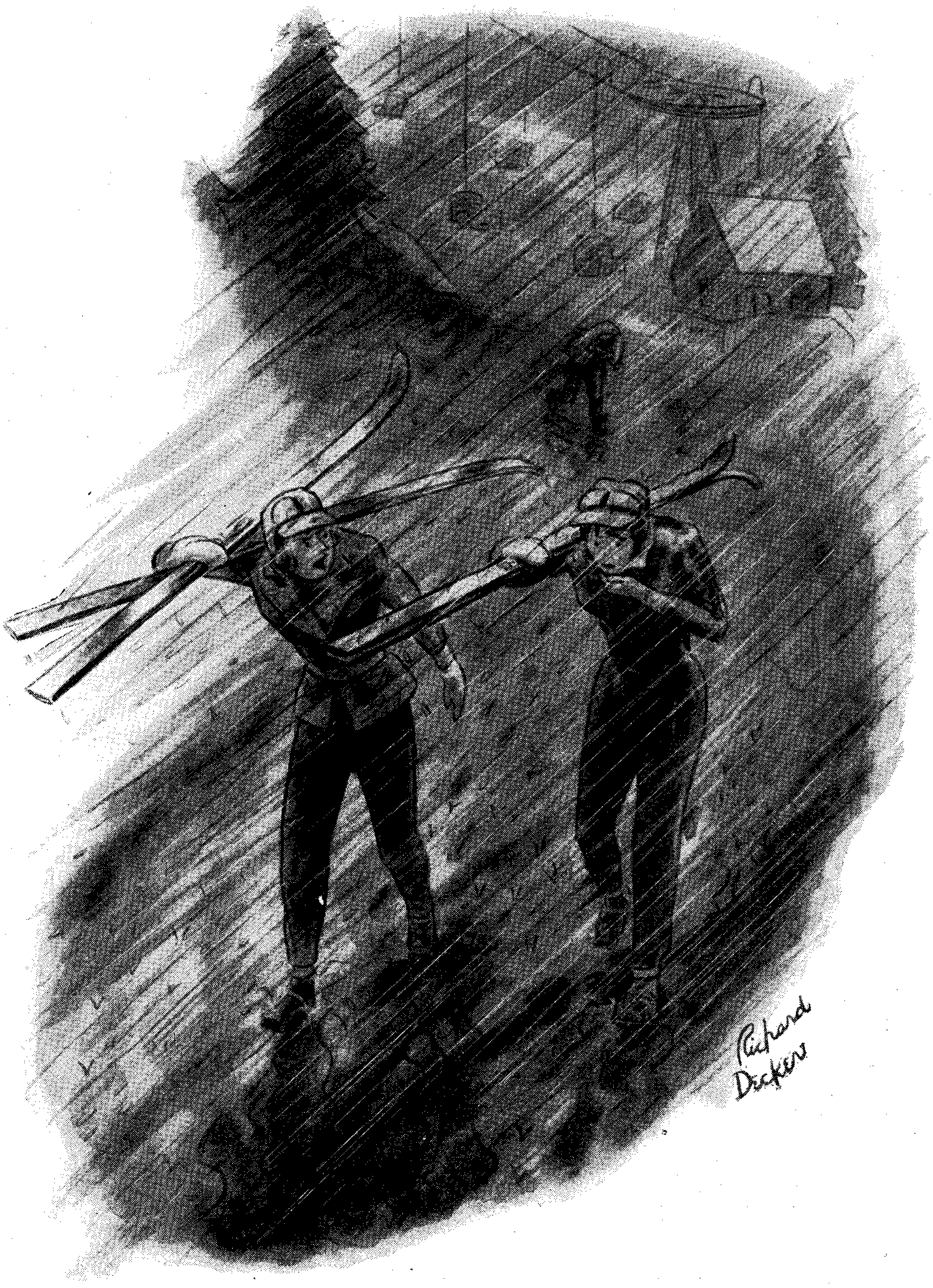
Father Again

A GENTLEMAN we might call Mr. Day, who lives in Croton-on-Hudson, tells us he has just about given up hope of keeping his household accounts straight, as a result of an incident that occurred at a bazaar for the benefit of the Croton Community Nursery School. His wife, a civic-minded lady, decided to bake three pumpkin pies and donate them to the bazaar. She did so, and delivered them herself. Then she walked around the place for a few minutes, looking at what was offered, and, passing the pie booth on her way out, discovered that her pies had been priced at sixty-five cents apiece, which was, she figured, a good deal less than they had cost. She therefore happily paid out a dollar ninety-five and took them back home with her.

Best Christmas

WE walked up Fifth Avenue the other day, from the southwest corner of Altman’s to the southeast corner of the Park, from gifts for hostesses to General Sherman on his gilt horse. We take the same walk every year at this time, not to go shopping (we put that off until the last moment, then feverishly spend and spend, wrap and wrap) but as a sort of private rite of initiation into the holiday season. It is a tardy rite, and all the livelier for being tardy. Once we have been dazzled by uncountable numbers of shopwindows and have heard, from loudspeakers hidden in a crisscross of greenery overhead, angelic voices pouring down "Joy to the World!," we can scarcely wait to rush home and deck our one small hall with boughs of holly. Every year, we reach the Park convinced that the Avenue has never worn such pretty red-and-gold makeup, that the crowds have never been so spirited, the season so precious. Nor are we in the least abashed when memory, that old busybody, reminds us that we held a similar conviction last December and the December before that. Our "never" is no less true for being annual; we hope to be saying it at ninety. The days shorten and darken toward the shortest, darkest day, then round the dangerous corner, then grudgingly lengthen and lighten, and maybe, for all our threat of reaching ninety, it is intimations of mortality that make us grateful to be out among so many Christmas faces, on so pleasantly aimless a Christmas journey. On the other hand, it may be, as we believe, that we are grateful because this city and this season really do offer us greater delights from one year to the next. If Saint Nicholas is troubled to know what to give us for Christmas, let him arrange for our legs to last as long as our eyes.

The time of our walk was twilight, and high above the mast of the Empire State Building baskets of pink clouds sailed straight for Portugal. As the sky darkened, the shopwindows seemed to grow steadily bigger and brighter and more packed with wonders. Some of them—the thousands of objects in silver, china, copper, leather, stone, or wood, the books and guns and paintings and perfumes—were simply for sale. Others—figures of Wise Men and shepherds, of smiling Marys and Josephs, of infant Christs—were there to be admired. At Lord & Taylor, a Christmas tree streamed in branches of white lights down the eleven-story front of the building, and in the windows under the tree rosy-cheeked cherubim cooked in a heavenly kitchen, played in a heavenly orchestra, and said heavenly prayers beside chaste white heavenly beds. Everything was Christmas, or tried hard to be, and we forgave it when it failed. Paper reindeer climbed a restaurant window, and beside them a sign promised "Hospitality-sized cocktails." In a window at the five-and-ten glittered rank upon rank of ribbon candy and champagne glasses. The two stone lions that guard the Library had wreaths slung rakishly about their manes, and pigeons nested muttering in the wreaths. From the roof of a newsstand on Forty-second Street hung a spray of mistletoe, and under it was a magazine of art nudes. The foundation for a new building is being dug at the corner of Forty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue; a power shovel was still gathering up debris and dumping it into trucks as we went by. We could hear men calling back and forth to each other in the dark bottom of the hole. We felt sure that sooner or later one of them was bound to shout "Hey! What do you think this is—Christmas?" and, sure enough, one of them did. The tree at Radio City tossed in the wind above the skating rink; to judge by the roaring of its aluminum icicles, it was of two minds about whether to shrug off its shackles and go storming back to the open country, where it belonged. The moon had come up over St. Patrick's, and the shadows of the two spires ran sidelong across the Avenue. The air had grown cold and we moved fast, past shops full of jewels, candy, tweeds, shoes, icons, and tropical flowers. At the Park was the General. To his right was the Plaza, ready with food and drink, and behind him the sleepy zoo. On the General's advice, we decided to skip the zoo.



"That 'gay camaraderie before a roaring fire' better be good."

SWAN-MOVING

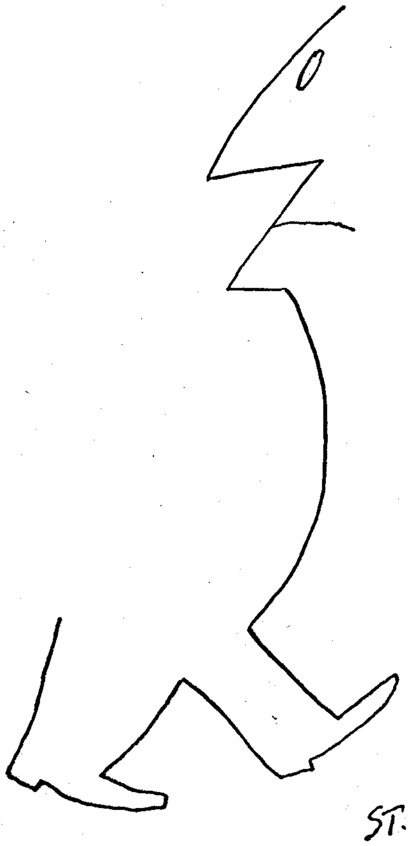
THE village stood high in scarred and quarried country. The hillside had been broken into in many places, and some of the wounds, untended, were covered with coarse weeds. Other English villages, with a good foundation of thatched cottages and leafy lanes, improve on their conscious beauty with loving care. Grass verges are shaved neatly, flowers overhang walls, and fruit trees, lime-washed to their chins, stand in orchards full of daffodils. This village lacked even the knowledge of its own ugliness, and nothing was done consciously in any direction. Gardens, in which scarcely a blade of grass remained, were littered with chicken droppings and feathers. On the common, round which the cottages stood, pieces of old bicycles rusted among nettles. Tin cans floated in the muddy water, which filled—in wintertime—the deep hollows. In one, an iron bedstead was half submerged. On this, the biggest pond, a swan was found one morning circling disconsolately among the rubbish.

Nights, for a long time, had been muffled with fog. By midafternoon, the sky would have begun to congeal in a phlegmy discoloration, and then the village was cut off and abandoned to its own squalor.

The swan, arriving unseen, stayed so until late in the morning, when the fog shifted and began to roll down the hillside, leaving the crown of the hill standing in an uncertain light. Children coming out to play on the common saw what their fathers bicycling to work at the brick kilns could not have seen. They crowded the edge of the pond, and one boy threw a stick at the swan, trying to make him fly. That was the first, and last, unkindness the bird ever suffered in the village. The children discovered that more response came when food was thrown, and soon the pond and the trodden grass around were littered with crusts of bread and bacon rinds, orange peel and apple cores. Even in its charity, the village was backward and untidy, yet the swan, coming to it out of the fog and remaining as he did, stirred its imagination and pride. On the market bus and in the pub and post office, he was the subject of conjecture and theory. Whence had he flown, they wondered—in what direction. Was he maimed and unable to fly any farther. Flattered as they were, the villagers could not believe that the muddy pond had ever been his true objective, heart's desire. They talked about the swan and worried over him. The vicar referred to him in his sermon on "The Mysterious Ways of the Lord."

After a week or two—the swan still circling on his muddy pond—strangers were seen about the village, which was becoming a popular diversion from the ennui of the Sunday walk. Mrs. Wheatley, at the Stag and Hounds, began to serve afternoon teas. Her son and some of his workmates removed the rusting bedstead from the pond and threw it into a bluebell wood. Eyes so long indifferent became critical, and much was suddenly seen to be wrong. A committee was formed to put the common in order and was given its title—the Local Amenities Enhancement Council—by the vicar, who had a gift for words. To encourage beauty, a prize was offered for the neatest cottage garden and a notice board was set up beside the pond with the words "Rubbish Prohibited."

It was the first time that the village had worked together on any project. The swan, the unacknowledged instigator, took all for granted, seemed indifferent to amenities, but grew noticeably less aloof, for now he would wait at the edge of the common for the children to come from school. Fussy over his food, he would peck about and reject most of it. His first meal of the day was at half past six, when the men bicycled off to work. They would throw pieces from their "slicers," or lunch packets. Later, the children, going to school, showered down all the crusts they had had no need for at breakfast, but the swan trod amongst them at the water's edge or avoided them as they floated on the pond.

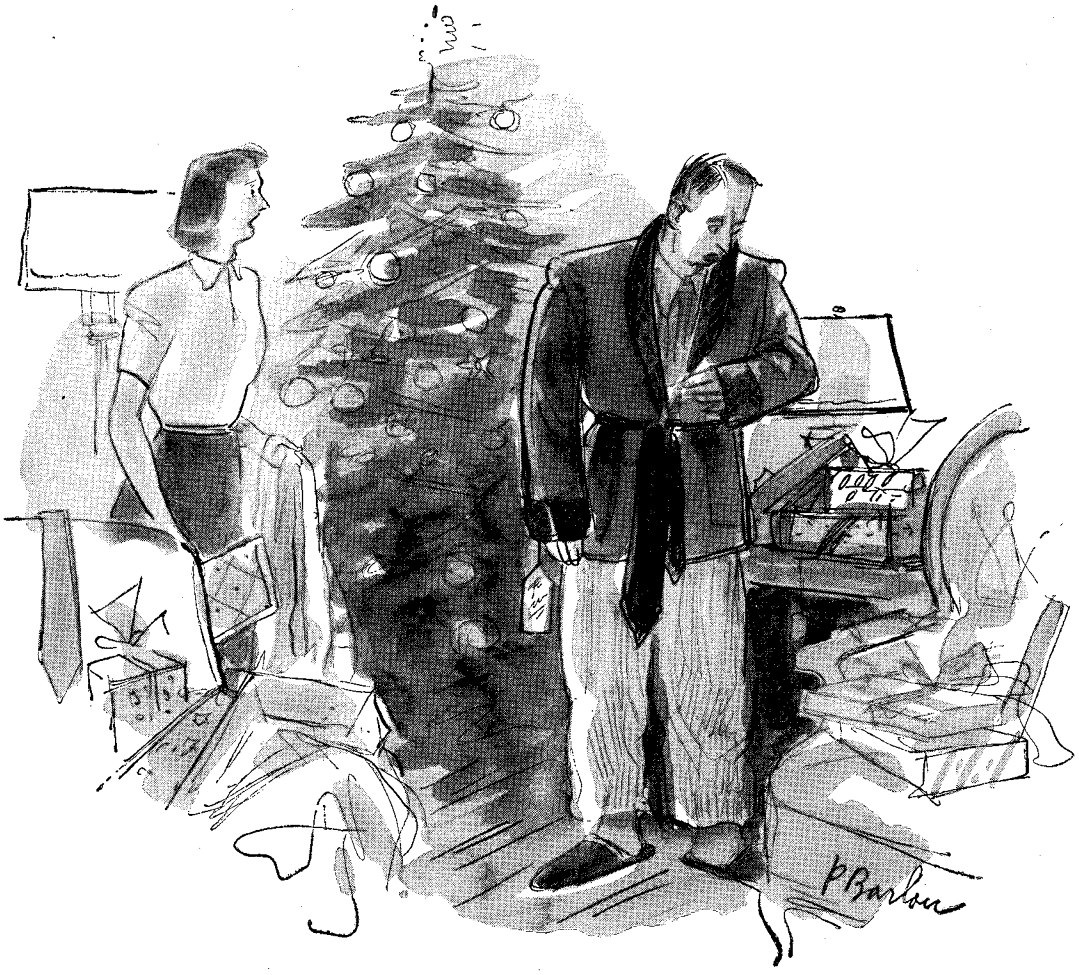

ST.

Wet weather, dark days did not suit his looks. Not quite fully grown, he still had some of his dark plumage, and this was stained by the orange clay in the water. Standing forlornly and unsteadily in the mud, he seemed stiff with misery and perhaps rheumatism.

"Old chap looks rough," the men would say anxiously, coming from work. When strangers arrived on those days and appeared amused or made disparaging remarks, the children suffered painful indignation—a foretaste of parenthood.

But as the spring came and the wild cherry blossomed above the quarries, the swan began to dazzle with the same white brilliance. The flowers grew in the cottage gardens. They did not blossom well from so stamped-down and untended a soil, but a few wallflowers of a ghastly yellow were bedded out. Handwritten notices swung on gates and fences, announcing "Lemonade—a Penny Per Glass" or "Cut Flowers—Sixpence the Bunch."

The swan, preening himself daily into greater beauty, was in himself a lesson, an example in seemliness, and the village began to preen and trim itself, too, but with neither the habit of grace nor aptitude for it. Fair weather, throughout that spring, encouraged a refurbishing, a hurried business with buckets of whitewash and pots of paint. This fermenting creativeness had strange results. So many white curtains were taken down to appear later on clotheslines a dull but curious green or indigo or raspberry. Garments—even underclothes—of the same color hung beside them, for a bowl of dye is usually a great temptation. Few of the experiments were an improvement, and most of the villagers, in their new self-consciousness, went too far; yet, insidiously, the idea of charm spread through the village. A guilty tawdriness was its expression, naïve and peasantlike, but here without steadying ritual or tradition. The vicar, having once despaired at apathy, now winced at exuberance—at red-white-and-blue rabbit hutches, the new neon lighting outside the Stag and Hounds, and one of his sidesmen wearing a daffodil in his buttonhole at Evensong. He tried to control the general mood of recklessness, but the infection was at its height and beyond him.



“Well, say something!”

IN the midst of the wonderful weather, and because of it, the villagers could not avoid the knowledge that there had been summers—especially after such a spring—when the water in the pond had dwindled and gone, leaving a patch of cracked earth and rusty tins. Already it seemed to have receded, and nightly inspection of its level took place, a grave ceremony, like the inspection of a wicket, and confined to the men. They would report back to their women and the news spread among the children—the water was down a quarter of an inch perhaps, or more, or seemed to remain the same. They all watched the sky for rain.

By the beginning of June, when the swan had been with them for nearly six months, the water had fallen so low that a meeting was called. When it was over, the men went off on their bicycles to look for better accommodation for the swan, who seemed too negligent to do so for himself.

The nearest stretch of water was over a mile away—a deep, clear pond in a buttercup field. Having inspected it, the men went home, and the next evening a great crowd came out on the common to watch the swan-moving.

The vicar drove up in his little car, which he left on the road, and walked down to the water’s edge, in his shirtsleeves. He wore his clerical collar and an old baize apron that he had borrowed from his manservant. The swan was coaxed out of the water with pieces of spongecake. The men moved forward slowly, the vicar motioning them in to form a half circle. Very gently and in silence, they closed in on the swan. At this moment of great tension, Mrs. Wheatley from the Stag and Hounds—an unstable woman—suddenly screamed and was shushed and nudged by her neighbors.

The vicar gathered up the swan against his apron and held him tenderly in his arms. In a most graceful and affectionate movement, the bird curved his shining neck against the vicar’s shoulder. His lower feathers, his spread, webbed feet dripped dirty water as he was carried up the bank toward the car, the crowd surging after.

The swan sat on the front seat beside the vicar, and the manservant sat behind. When they drove away, the crowd waved and cheered as if seeing off bride and bridegroom. The swan surveyed them with indifference. His feet were splayed out in an ungainly way on a piece of sacking and, as the car moved forward, he crooked his neck and began to cleanse from his plumage the trace of human hands.

Men leaped onto their bicycles with their children across the bars or perched behind. The vicar drove slowly and the procession went away down the side of the common, past the Stag and Hounds, where the bar had been left entirely in the hands of the village dipsomaniac, who had strange visions of his own and was not tempted from his vocation by such a happening, but he had the decency, long remembered to his credit, to come out and lift his glass as they all went by.

They streamed on between high hedges and ditches full of cow parsley and Queen Anne’s lace, the swan now turning his head, his beak parting and closing as if he were thirsty or afraid. The vicar watched the road, and the manservant watched the swan. The bicyclists kept up—a noisy throng. Some had bunches of buttercups pinned to their caps. When the car was slowed up by cows crossing the road, the bicyclists came up to the car window and looked in approvingly.

“Sits up in the manner born,” one said, with pride.

When they moved on down the lane, which was steaming and smelling strongly of cow pats, the swan began to lurch about unsteadily. He turned his head and gave the vicar a long and strange glance, and the manservant leaned forward protectively. Then the beak sank into the great, rounded breast and the eyes were covered, as if he slept.

The vicar stopped the car at the field gate and stepped out to face the throng, his hand raised high. “I want all done in silence now,” he said. “Nothing to confuse him, so stand afar off.” So important was the occasion that he fell easily into Biblical oratory and might have added “All of ye” without knowing or its being noticed.

They stood afar off among the polished grasses. It was an evening of great peace. The shadows were long ovals under the elm trees. Cows moved slowly through the yellow fields, and the water of the pond, still as a glass, reflected a mackerel sky.

The vicar and the manservant lifted the swan from his seat in the car and carried him to the edge of the pond, where they put him tenderly to the breast of the water, then stood aside.

It was a moment of great emotion, like the launching of a ship. The bird took to the pond and became two swans. In this clear water, his reflection could be seen for the first time, and his foolish-looking feet paddling along. "Look!" cried a little boy, and his father put a hand over his mouth to silence him.

The swan went forward in great majesty, as if at last conscious of his true nature, and his wake spread out and followed like a train.

The vicar lifted his hand for a second and then touched his eyes. As he came back up the bank, his shoes wet and his baize apron plastered with clay, his parishioners—if such most of them could be called from the fact of living in the same parish—looked at him with respect. He had appeared to them a natural leader, a man of courage and decision.

They returned to the village and crowded into the Stag and Hounds. Some of them took their beer outside and looked over the common to the empty pond. Their lives had been touched so lightly by magic that perhaps only the seeds of a legend were left, or less—no trace at all—but they felt easeful, thinking of the swan in his new home. The vicar, who would have been an embarrassed man in the Stag and Hounds, and no longer a leader, went home and began to prepare his sermon, "Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters."

THE swan, when they had all gone, swam about for a while, plunging his beak deep into the water and ruffling his feathers. Then he came to the pond's edge, and out of the water. He stood there preening himself, a heraldic swan with wings half lifted. At last, with a tottering run, clumsy, seeming off balance with his huge breastbone thrust forward and his neck outstretched, he made a great commotion with his wings and took the air. As he rose level with the setting sun, his feathers were golden. Then he went higher and became a gray shape. The scent of far-off water came to him, and he flew on, away from that countryside forever.

—ELIZABETH TAYLOR

LANDSCAPE OF THE STAR

The silence of the year. This hour the streets
Lie empty, and the clash of bells is scattered
Out to the edge of stars. I heard them tell
Morning's first change and clang the people home
From crèche and scented aisle. Come home, come home,
I heard the bells of Christmas call and die.

This Christmas morning in the stony streets
Of an unaccustomed city, where the gas
Quivers against the darkly shuttered walls,
I walk, my breath a veil upon the cold,
No longer sick for home or hunted down
By faces loved, by gate or sill or tree
That once I used to wreathe in red and silver
Under the splintered incense of the fir.

I think of those inscrutables who toiled,
Heavy and brooding in their camel train,
Across the blue-wrapped stretches: home behind,
Kingdoms departed from, the solemn journey
Their only residence; the starlit hour,
The landscape of the star, their time and place.

O to be one of them, and feel the sway
Of rocking camel through the Judaean sand—
Ride, wrapped in swathes of damask and of silk,
Hear the faint ring of jewel in silver mesh
Starring the silence of the plain, and hold
With rigid fingers curved as in oblation
The golden jar of myrrh against the knees.

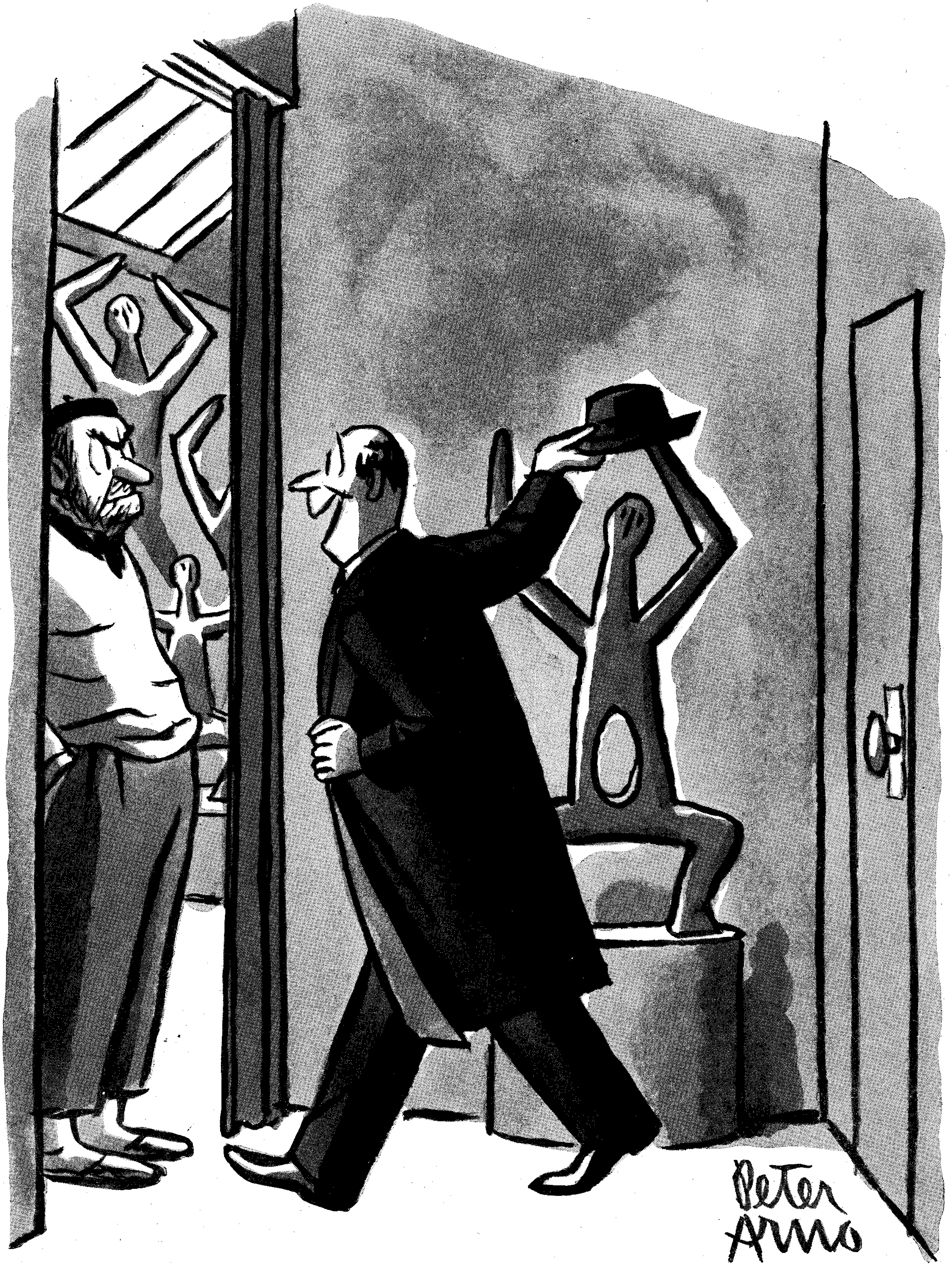
To ride thus, bearing gifts to a strange land,
To a strange king, nor think of fear and envy,
Being so bemused by starlight of one star,
The long unbroken journey, that all questions
Sink like the lesser lights behind the hills;
Think neither of the end in sight nor all
That lies behind, but dreamlessly to ride,
Traveller at one with travelled countryside.

How else, since for those Magi and their train
The palaces behind have ceased to be
Home, and the home they travel toward is still
But rumor stoking fear in Herod's brain?
What else for them but this, since nevermore
Can courts and states receive them as they were,
Nor have the trampled earth, the roof of straw
Received the kings as they are yet to be?

The bells are silent, silenced in my mind
As on the dark. I walk, a foreigner,
Upon this night that calls all travellers home,
The prodigal forgiven, and the breach
Mended for this one feast. Yet all are strange
To their own ends, and their beginnings now
Cannot contain them. Once-familiar speech
Babbles in wayward dialect of a dream.

Our gifts shall bring us home—not to beginnings
Nor always to the destination named
Upon our setting forth. Our gifts compel,
Master our ways, and lead us in the end
Where we are most ourselves, whether at last
To Solomon's gaze or Sheba's silken knees
Or winter pastures underneath a star,
Where angels spring like starlight in the trees.

—ADRIENNE CECILE RICH



"I just can't wait to see your work, old fellow."

THE SNOW TOO DEEP

WHEN my wife, Consuelo, was a little girl living on her parents' ranch at Rociada, in New Mexico, Christmas loomed up brilliant long in advance. What she had been told by her older brother and older sisters—especially Carmen, just two years her senior and still free of disillusionment—what she herself remembered, and what she invented in telling her younger sister, Pepita, about the delightful sights and experiences of the feast of Christmas all combined as simple fact. The short reach of her memory seemed long, as long as the meaning of "always." It had always happened like this; it always would. And the pleasure of anticipation grew stronger each year. One began thinking of Christmas with the first frosts, along about the time one began thinking of snow and sleds. Another Christmas was on its way, as certain as the seasons themselves. If anyone had suggested that the seasons were uncertain and that Christmas itself might fail, probably she would not have understood, and if she had, more than likely she would have rejected the thought as foolish, or the kind of tasteless humor some grownups indulge in.

How it happened that the Bacas developed the magnificent Christmas celebration they did puzzles me. My wife's father, Don José Albino Baca, came of a family of purely Spanish descent that was powerful in the region about Las Vegas, New Mexico, on the southern slopes of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. He must have been reared in a strongly Spanish tradition, and he had something of his ancestors' cultural orientation toward Spain, through Mexico City as the point of linkage and distribution—much as many educated Western Anglo-Americans retain an orientation toward Britain through New York. He procured his bride's wedding chest from the southern capital and took her there on their honeymoon, and it was there, too, that he later found a governess for his younger daughters.

Consuelo's mother, Doña Marguerite Pendaries de Baca, was born in New Mexico of French parents. She grew up at Rociada, deep inside the Sangre de Cristos, where her father had founded something of a ranching empire. Her early upbringing was as French as could be managed under the circumstances.

One would expect, then, that Don José and Doña Marguerite would delight their children with the songs and processions of the *posadas*, the breaking of *piñatas*—fanciful pottery birds filled with small gifts—or the setting of shoes by the fireplace to receive *étrennes* on New Year's Eve. Actually, apart from Mass on Christmas Day, with its singing of the ancient *alabados*—hymns of praise—the only exotic touch to their celebration was serving tamales in the course of the morning, a pleasant custom to which all New Mexico, Anglo- or Spanish-American, subscribes. For the rest, they observed the Anglo-Dutch practices centering around Santa Claus and the tree—but without the business of stockings—in a manner to make almost anyone retrospectively envious.

The day before Christmas, there would be no sign of tree or gifts; if you did not know for sure, you might wonder if there would be any. The preparations for the huge dinner on Christmas afternoon, however, began days in advance and could not be concealed. Doña Marguerite is a petite, brisk woman with a neat, fast step; the recurrent clicking of her heels when she is at work on a feast is unmistakable. Even in a big house, one would catch the sound, along with her instructions—in Spanish to the maids, in English with occasional spurts of French to her two older daughters—her exclamations of despair over the whole project when something went wrong, occasionally her annoyance, and her helpers answering her in kind and with equal feeling. During these preparations the three smallest girls, Carmen, Consuelo, and Pepita, were in the kitchen as much as they were allowed to be, dainty, black-haired, oval-faced, large-eyed, voracious little creatures savoring a delicious torment.

The indications of great eating to come were titillating in themselves but even more exciting because they were the sign of the greater wonder that would precede the feast. Christmas Eve was quiet; the little girls were full of expectation and on their best behavior. They had supper early, as always, and afterward they passed the evening until bedtime as nearly as possible as on other evenings. At the usual hour, they were sent to bed, but on this one night the three of them slept together in a big fourposter, and, moreover, on this night alone Count, the bloodhound, was allowed in the room with them and took his place at the foot of the bed. They thought they would not be able to sleep; they hoped to stay awake. For a time they whispered, but in the end sleep always captured them.

In the dead of night, as it seemed to them—somewhere between ten and eleven o'clock—they were wakened by the loud ringing of sleigh bells, not at a distance on the road but close at hand and overhead. They knew, of course, that the sound came from on top of the roof. They were into slippers and dressing gowns by the time their mother came for them, but just as the traitor drowsiness always overcame them, so they were never quick enough to get downstairs in time to catch a glimpse of Santa Claus.

Behind him, he left the miracle of the Christmas tree, fully expected and yet breath-stopping, so that you had to stand for a moment in the doorway and absorb it before you went in. It was always a fragrant, fresh-cut fir, tall enough almost to touch the ceiling of that high-ceilinged room, decorated, candle-lit, with the presents massed at its foot. And part of the special quality of the occasion came from the fact that it all took place so late at night after that glorious awakening. Soon after Santa Claus had passed by, visitors from the village would begin to drop in for a glass of wine and a bit of fruitcake. These arrivals, usually one man at a time, occasionally a man and wife, out of the snow and cold—the slight stamping inside the door and the removal of outer garments, the gesture of brushing rime off a heavy mustache, the people formal, rustic, and yet socially graceful, Don José's and Doña Marguerite's welcoming Spanish, the faint smell of wine to spice the smells of the tree, the candles, and the fire—were an essential part of Consuelo's impression of the real beginning of Christmas.

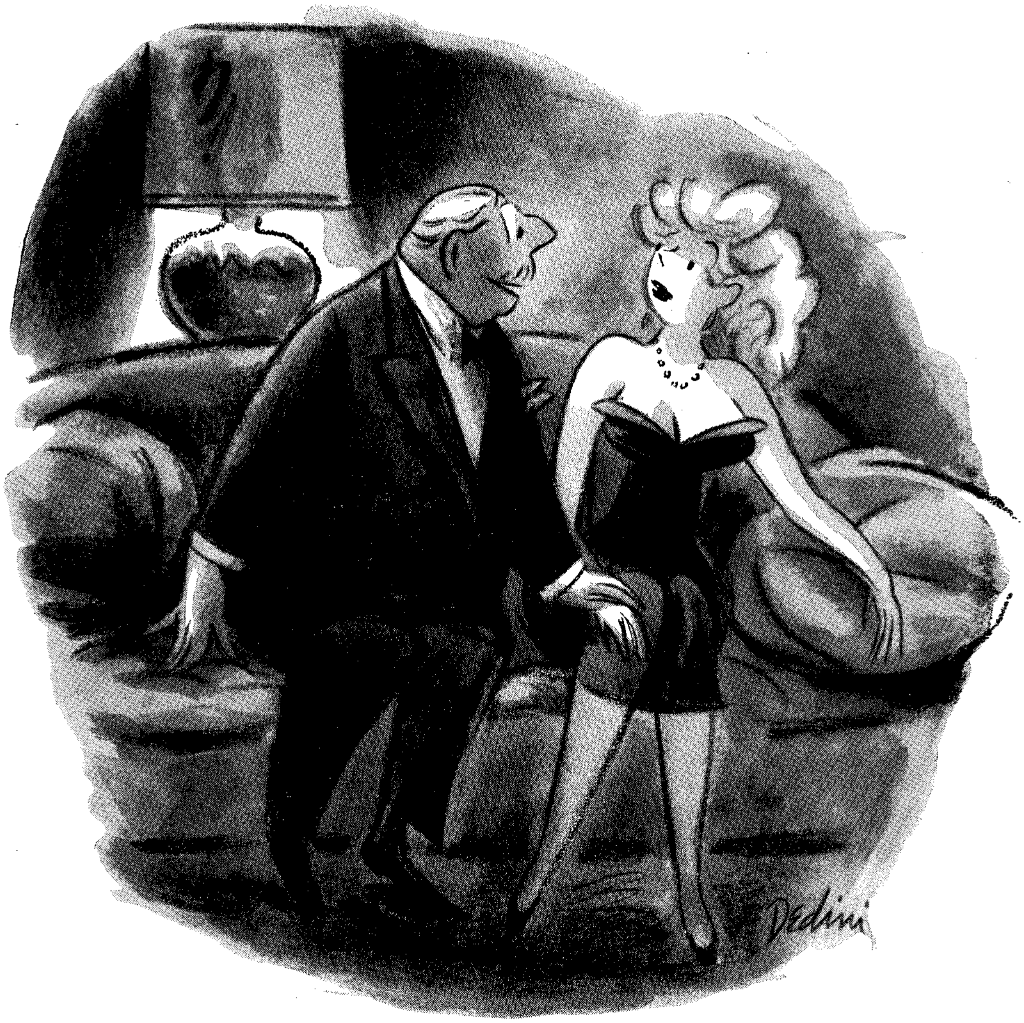
THAT was the way it was, with the day of prayer and fine eating to come after. That was how it had always been and always would be—until the year of the big snow. In the autumn of that year, an exceptionally early snowfall, in the latter part of September, turned the three little girls' thoughts toward Christmas. The snow was gone within twenty-four hours, but then it was unseasonably cold, not only at night but also in the daytime, which was most unusual before December. Don José studied weather reports and the almanacs, talked to Las Vegas on the hand-cranked telephone, and consulted with Señor Juan, his *mayordomo*. When it snowed again before the month was out, and the white covering, thin though it was, lay for over a week in the shade and was slow to melt even on the sunny slopes, he sent a number of teams to the city to bring back a supply of cottonseed cakes.

The Bacas' Wineglass-2 ranch operation was conducted in large part on the land that M. Pendaries, Doña Marguerite's father, had originally owned, grazed under National Forest permits, or leased. It lay within the mountains, which meant that Don José wintered several thousand head of his sheep, his beef herd, and most of his horses on what was properly summer range. The animals were held within fairly easy reach of Rociada, on pastures where trees and cliffs gave shelter and south slopes caught the sun's full strength, and they were carried through that part of the winter during which they could not rustle for themselves by the rich store of hay harvested from the Rociada meadows. As far back as anyone could remember, that had sufficed, but this year the signs were not good.

It started snowing in earnest the second week of October. Sleds and sleighs appeared early. In that favored land, it is unusual for snow to last more than a week or so anywhere that the sun strikes, until one passes above the eight-thousand-foot level, but this year the cold held through the brightest days even in the valleys. The nights were bitter. What at first had seemed to the children an early, extra bonus of winter fun became too much of a good thing.

November carried on from where October left off. Several times, Amadeo Lobato was a day late with the mail, having been unable to get through with his buggy. Automobiles were little used; they remained in their shelters, their radiators drained. Week by week, the snow grew deeper. Don José was constantly out on horseback, plowing his way to this camp or that, or to the horse pasture, to make sure that the men did not relax their efforts under the conditions they faced. Getting the feed to the various pastures was a constant battle of seizing upon the spells of clear weather to break open the roads—no more than cross-country cart tracks, at best—and then stockpiling as rapidly as possible.

Along in December, Don José began feeding the cottonseed cakes to the animals, to supplement the hay, which otherwise would not last through the long feeding period he foresaw. The animals were not ranging at all; they bunched together in narrow, trampled areas where the shelter was best. The mail came through erratically. Other traffic with Las Vegas and the railroad was almost completely stopped. A few men from Rociada village, who still believed that the game laws were nothing but an unwarranted attempt to restrict their traditional rights, and who were hardy enough to fight their way through the drifts, built up their family stocks with snowbound deer and elk.



"Don't you agree, Verna, that everyone is put here on earth for some special purpose?"

• •

Consuelo heard her father say that the herders were feeding cakes to the sheep; the idea pleased her. It was nice for the poor sheep, out in the frozen distances, to be given a little cake. One day, when she had made her way to the barn, she examined the stuff. It looked like cake. She asked Juan Grande, who was there, and he said yes, those were *queques*. She took one, turned it over in her hands, examined it. It looked like spicecake and had a promising heaviness. She tried it. It was foul, oily, revolting; she could not spit the stuff out fast enough. It was days before she forgave Juan for laughing at her.

In all other years, on a bright day in mid-December the younger children and Doña Marguerite would take a wagon, or go on foot, driving a burro, to gather what they miscall "kinnikinnick." This is a ground vine, known as *toje* in the local Spanish. It has close-massed, shiny dark-green leaves and red berries, and makes an excellent substitute for holly. Properly speaking, kinnikinnick is a mixture of the dried leaves and bark of certain plants, used by the Indians (the word is of Algonquian origin) as a substitute for tobacco, or to mix with it. As far as I know, no one smokes the ground vine. The trips for kinnikinnick were picnics, the last of the year—gay occasions, bright with small adventures, charged with the imminence of Christmas. They were the first preparation for the great event. There was no question of any such expedition this year, which was not going like any other. The unchangeable had been changed.

WHEN Doña Marguerite recalls the winter of the big snow, she is likely to speak of what happened to Mr. Goldfarb—"such a nice man, poor thing." Goldfarb's story, in its main outlines, was a classic one of the West-

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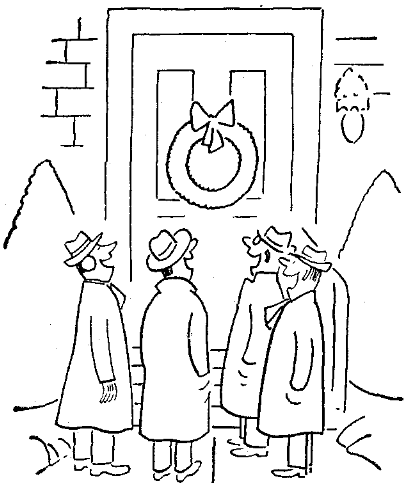

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ern frontier—the merchant who came out to the new country with a stock in trade he could carry on his back or pack on a single mule and, by intense thrift and drive, built that stake up into a solid business. It differed in that this man came West comparatively late; nonetheless, after twenty industrious years he was within reaching distance of at least modest wealth.

That fall, the prices of sheep and wool were at a record low, as a result of the slump following the First World War, but there were signs that times were improving and that sheep and wool, like other commodities, were due to rise sharply before spring. Goldfarb saw his opportunity. Putting up his store in Las Vegas as security, he raised all the money his credit would stand and invested it in a flock of slightly over three thousand ewes and the corresponding complement of rams, the latter mostly registered stock. To winter them, he leased several miles of good grass on an open, level, almost treeless mesa top south of Las Vegas. Ideally, he should have leased lower country, but in ordinary years sheep wintered well on that range.

The region of Las Vegas is notoriously a place of driving winter winds. That year, the snow-laden winds prowled like a siege of wolves. The coyotes came out of the mountains early, to skulk about the edges of the city and awaken the dogs to frenzy, until the nights were maniacal with barking and the answering, challenging, mocking howls. Out on the open mesas, the snow drove and piled, and there, too, the predators quested.

Goldfarb's herders were simply hired hands. There were no old friendships and family loyalties between him and them to induce them to maintain punishing vigilance despite the whip of the winter. He himself, with his business to run, could not be constantly visiting the camps. Snow, sleet, wind, and cold made the men keep close to their huts and their fires. The sheep drifted, looking for shelter that did not exist, until they fetched up against the fences. By December, the covering of ice and snow was too deep for them to scrape through it to grass, and they couldn't fight through its cold mass to find and browse on those bushes and shrubs that still reached the surface. The snow piled on the animals as they huddled. When God sent a bright, still noon, the snow melted; at sundown it froze into little cloud-colored balls of ice on their wool.

The sheep had to be fed. Goldfarb went to buy hay, as many others were doing. The going price that fall had been fifteen dollars a ton, baled and delivered; suddenly it was sixty dollars and haul it yourself, and he had no more credit. As his sheep hungered and grew weak, the coyotes moved in on them, but the wild beasts could not kill as fast as cold and starvation. Before the month was out, there was nothing left of his twenty years of effort but the frozen carcasses on the mesa.

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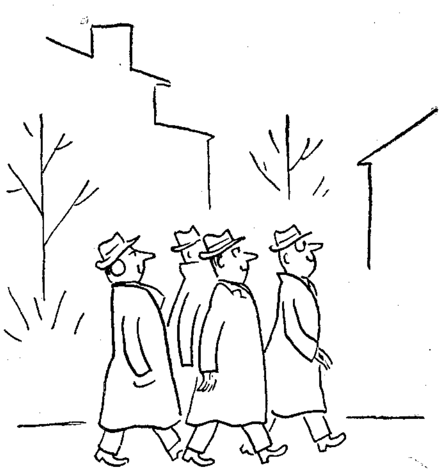

If the snow was white and cold and deep below Las Vegas, in the mountain valleys it was just as gleamingly white, and colder and deeper. Day after day, Don José and Señor Juan put on their sheepskin-lined jackets, pulled their chaps over their heaviest trousers, muffled the lower part of their faces, and rode out to the camps, to return weary, cold, hungry, with icicles on the mufflers across their mouths. Day after day, the men went up on the roof of the big ranch-house to shovel off snow, and sometimes in the night Consuelo wakened to the sound of the shovels scraping overhead. There was no longer such a thing as a mail day; Amadeo was using a sleigh with a team, and even so he rarely got through to the ranch.

When their parents suggested to the girls that Santa Claus might not be able to make it that year, they did not at first believe it possible that this could happen. It took time for them to accustom themselves to the idea that there could be winters too severe for even a saint who lived at the North Pole to travel through, and to accept the uncertainty of what they had supposed the most certain thing in life. It was an acceptance that did not come easily.

The paths between the big house and the bunkhouse, the commissary, and the barns had become trenches with walls nearly as high as a man's head. The children played in them, exploring a novelty. These, they decided, were what was meant by the word "tunnel." When the sun was out, it made a bright zone along the upper part of one wall; it edged the opposite crest with jewels. Below, the shade was luminous. On a day of overcast, Consuelo, on some errand of her own, stopped midway in a tunnel. With her mittened hand, she scraped at one wall. She decided to make a *nicho*, in which she might set a saint modelled of snow. She scraped away until, her hand getting chilled through the red wool, she stopped to warm it under her armpit. This was the snow that was too deep for Santa Claus. She looked up, considering its depth. Above, the sky was leaden; it made her feel the dead weight of winter and the promise of yet more flakes shortly. It was not the thickness of the cold white blanket that would stop Santa, she decided; it was the whole nature of the season. Without having words for

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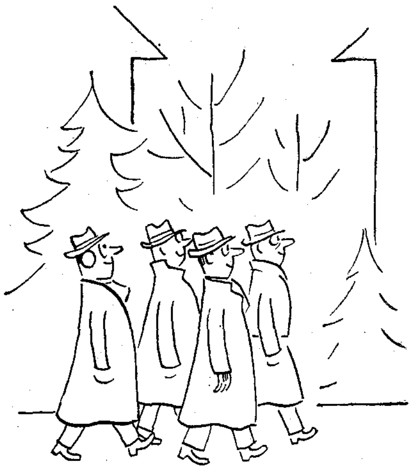

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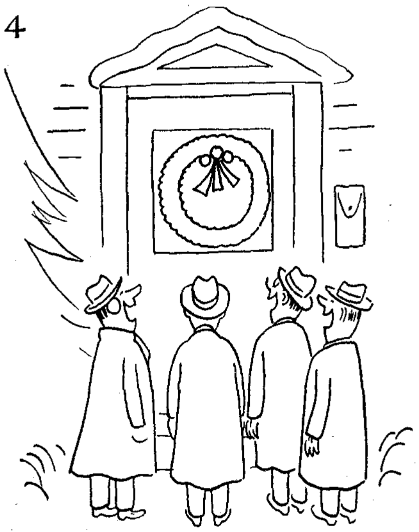

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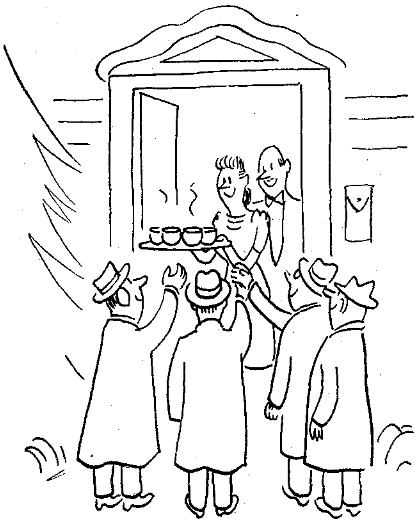

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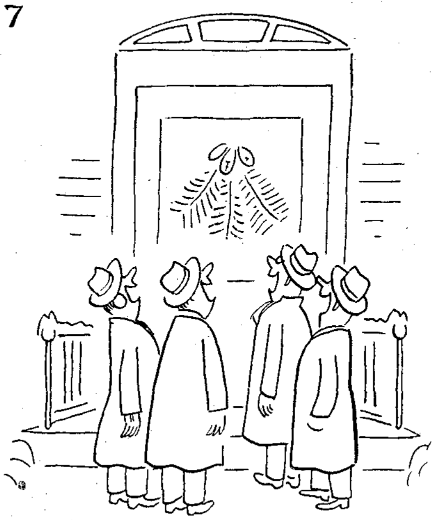

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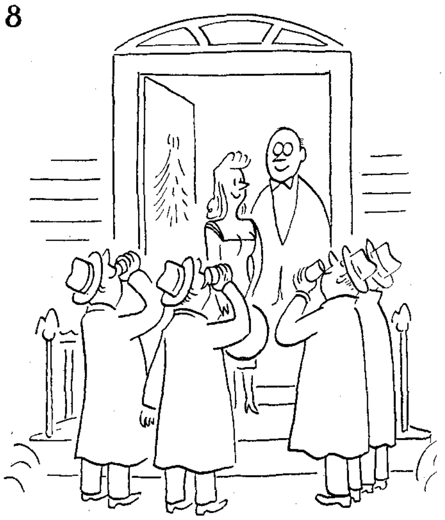

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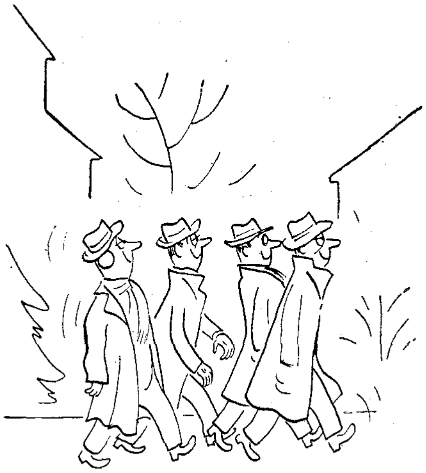

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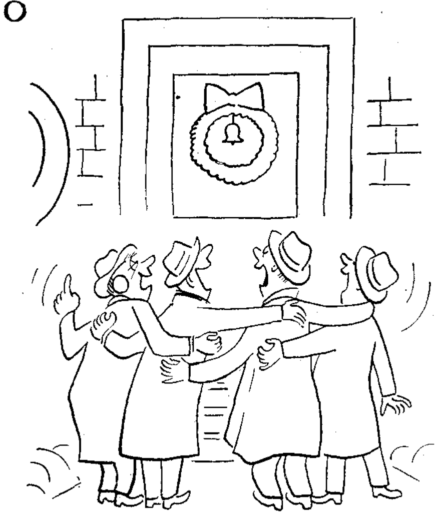

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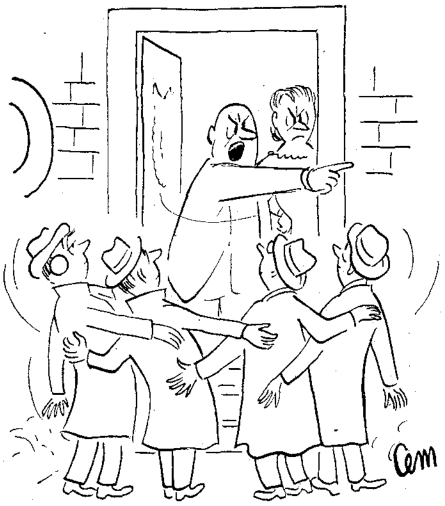

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it, she felt the smothering quality of *too much*. The tunnel became desolate. She would not put a saint there, a snow saint, a cold saint. She hurried back to the house.

Ordinarily, the three girls liked to lie in front of the fire evenings and watch the gold sparks that winked and ran through the soot at the back. They called the sparks Indians, and made a game of counting them. Now, without anything being said, they dropped this game. Everything to do with the fireplace was a reminder of Christmas, and the erratic, ascending course of the spark Indians had too often carried their thoughts on, up, and out to the North Pole.

Their big brother, Pino, came home from college. He reached Rociada thanks to a favorable break in the weather. Don José was able to reach the village of Sápello, outside the mountains, in the sleigh, and Pino got that far from Las Vegas in a car driven by a cousin. Hardly was he in the house before he had on his boots, his chaps, and the rest of his gear, to take over some of the burden of patrolling the camps. It was time, too, to throw the rams in with the ewes, and under the circumstances the big creatures had to be carted to the flocks.

So far, the stock was wintering well; their shelter was good, and there was adequate feed for them. The principal trouble was with coyotes raiding the sheep. The coyotes had grown bold, and in the freezing nights the dogs were not always able to keep them off. To the eastward, there was a special breed of beasts of prey, descendants of coyotes and a variety of hound that a rancher had imported to hunt them but that had run wild. Pino once described them as the "most marauderous animals" he had ever known.

Don José and Pino decided that Pino could probably get through to Las Vegas by car, so three days before Christmas he set out on a last-minute sortie for green vegetables, celery, fruit, and Christmas gifts for the youngsters. He did get to the city and accomplish his shopping, but on the way back, late in the day, his motor failed on Nine Mile Hill, some forty miles from home, and he had to stay there until a man in a wagon gave him a lift back to Las Vegas, well after sundown. One of his ears was frozen. He got home by relays, on Christmas Eve, virtually empty-handed, with his ear swollen and black. Amadeo had managed another mail delivery that morning.

Carmen, Consuelo, and Pepita by then were in full mourning over the defeat of Santa Claus. They cheered up somewhat when their parents told them that the whole family would have supper together and at the grownups' hour. They would eat in the kitchen, Doña Marguerite said, instead of in the dining room, to save fuel. They all sat down—Don José, Doña Marguerite, Pino, and the three little girls. The two older girls, one at college, one at boarding school, had not come home for this holiday. Christmas Eve being a day of fast, the meal was meatless and simple, but good—*chicos*, *tortitas de huevos*, *chile colorado* made without meat, and other such fast-day dishes, which are delicacies in themselves. The parents led the conversation around to the variety of Christmas customs among different peoples, and especially to the custom of hanging stockings to be filled by Santa Claus. The girls were interested; the subject, although painful, was fascinating. They discussed the pros and cons of Christmas stockings, and considered the very odd idea, proffered by their mother, that one might have these but no Christmas tree.

When the meal had ended, the family still remained at the table, talking. Suddenly Don José stiffened, listening. Everyone fell silent. "What was that I heard?" he asked.

Carmen said immediately, "Sleigh bells!"

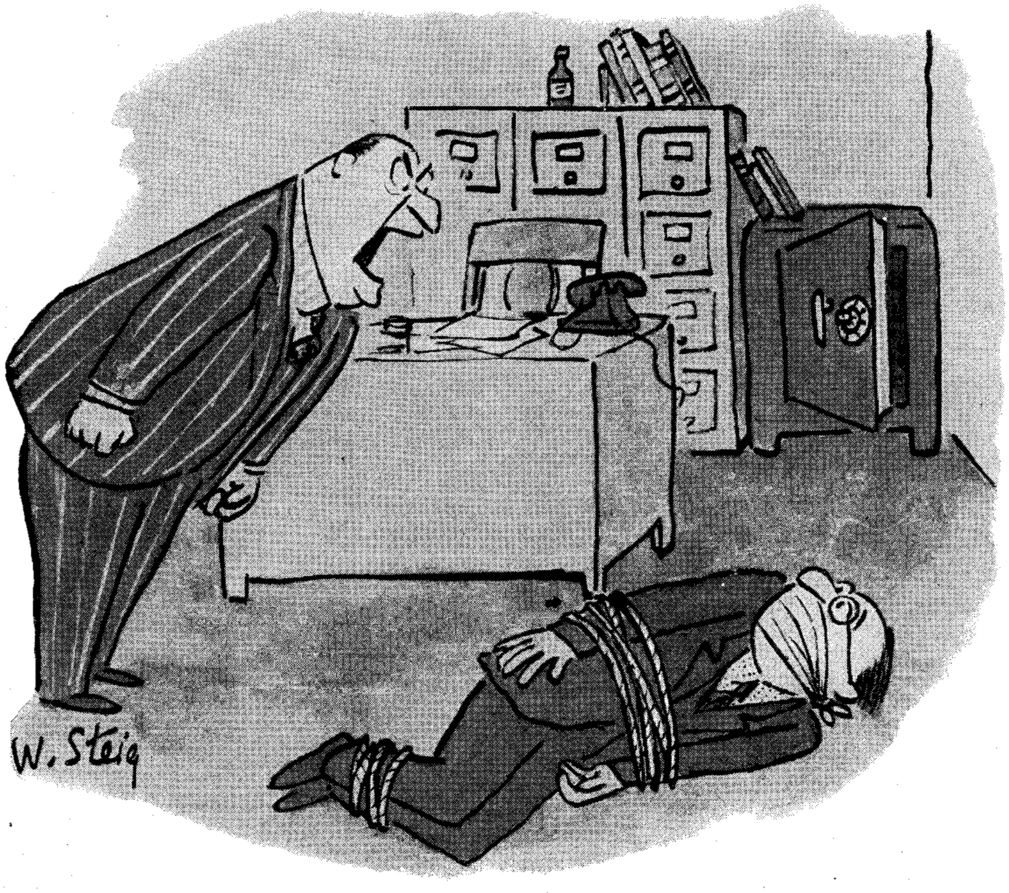
They all listened intently. Definitely there was a sound of bells, but was it outside or in the living room? The three girls were out of their chairs instantly. Carmen managed to whisper "Santa" in a way that had the quality of a shout; then they were on the run, through the dining room to the living room, their elders following more sedately. Consuelo was in the lead, because her chair had been nearest the door.

As they broke into the living room, they slowed down, not knowing quite what to expect. There was no tree, but the mantelpiece was rich with boughs and ornaments, and under these hung three of their stockings—the sturdy, long, woollen ones—bulging with gifts. The three little girls went to them almost timidly.

Naturally, they did not notice that all their presents were of the kind usually purchased from the mail-order houses; even had they known enough for that, they would never have thought to scrutinize a miracle. Santa Claus had made it, after all—with a light pack, to be sure, for obvious reasons, but he had made it. When their parents and Pino had had time to express their astonishment, they handed the stockings down to the children. The two maids and Juan Chico, who had not been in the kitchen during supper, came in from the hall and added their exclamations. The children settled down before the fire, blissful with their presents. It was already past their bedtime, but Doña Marguerite said nothing. Shortly, Amadeo and Tomás Lobato, from the village, knocked at the door, stamping and brushing off snow, and Doña Marguerite sent one of the maids for the fruitcake while Don José brought the decanter of sherry from the dining room. Everything was in order, and Christmas was a certainty after all.

Consuelo went to bed hugging a new fluffy rabbit. Tucked in, she lay feeling the cold that seeped in through the narrow opening at the bottom of the window. She heard the faint thud and squeak of horses plodding in over cold snow, the icy jingle of a spur, and a man's voice speaking wearily. That would be Señor Juan and one of the hands coming in late from a mission to one of the farther camps. She was glad that they would soon be in the warmth. She snuggled farther down in the bed with the rabbit, mentally telling it her secret, a secret more wonderful even than Christmas stockings or gifts. She had been first into the living room, and she had seen—with her own eyes she, and she only, had seen—Santa Claus's red-clad legs and his boots just disappearing up the chimney.

—Oliver La Farge



"*You're fired!*"

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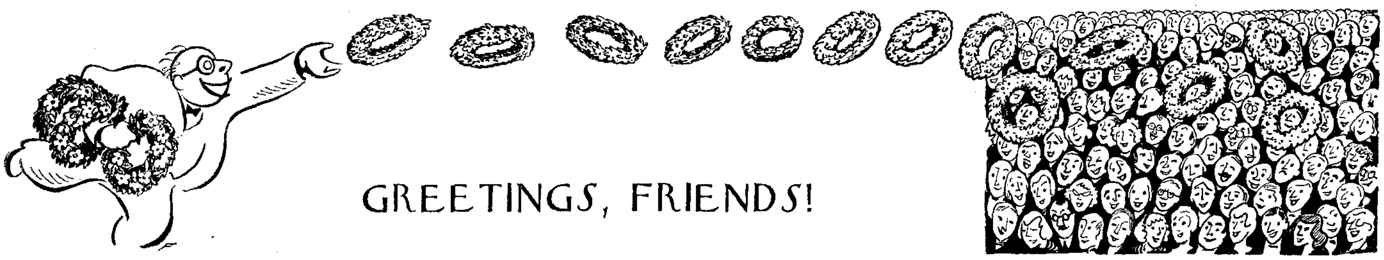
DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From Writer's Markets and Methods*]

A writer must read.... He must read for words, for a knowledge of words, and the use of words is a MUST for every writer.



GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

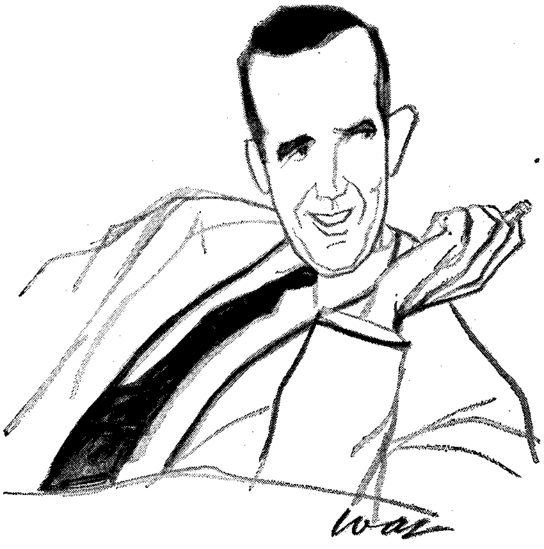
Good my hearties, greetings to you!
Happy Christmas meetings to you!
Wassail and all holiday cheer,
And the very best for the coming year!
On Dasher, Blitzen, Comet, Prancer!
On Cupid, Vixen, and Native Dancer!
Speed the gifts to friend and stranger!
Drop a couple on Stewart Granger;
Drop some on Ben Lucien Burman,
Jack Krieger, and Harold Clurman.
A cordial Yuletide beam from me
At Vincent Kelleher, M.D.,
At Red Smith, Constance Keene,
And Major General William Dean.
Bud Mahurin! John McCloy!
Peace be with you, lads! And joy
From this freewheeling poetaster
To Robert Wagner, the burgomaster.
The season's grace attend the Yule
Of Marion Lorne and Janice Rule,
Stanton Griffis, Brendan Gill,
Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Hill,
And many holiday returns
To Edna Best and Ora Burns.
Halloa there, Rocky Castellani,
Bennett Cerf, and Bo McAnney!
Rest ye merry, John Kerr!
Rest ye likewise, Bert Lahr!
A serenade for Emmett Dedmon,
A peal on the chimes for Ben Ray Redman,
Isabel Bigley, Ray Bolger,
Every far-flung Allied soldier,
Fran Allison, Harold Taylor,
And every far-flung Allied sailor!
Joy to Senator Mike Monroney,
Pat Cruise, Bernie Faloney!
Lift a glass to Blossom Seeley,
Ben Hogan, Jerry Healy,
To Eleanor Holland, and to Ed,
To Portland Hoffa Allen's Fred!
Give ye good den, Ordway Tead,
Erich Kastan, and Daniel Reed.
Huzza for Maggie McNamara,
Tom O'Hara, Ben Gazzara,
And a jocund yowl from this laureate
To Hedda Hopper and Fletcher Pratt.
Plum the puddings, mince the pies,
For Sam Berman and Johnny Mize,
Nor spare the white meat or the sage
In carving the bird for Geraldine Page.
Christmas frolics and New Year's fun
To Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Dunn;
A Yule salaam to Grayson Kirk,
Another to Senator Thomas Burke;
A cheer for Congressman Lester Johnson,
The Lochinvar from out of Wisconsin!
Seasonal joys from A to Zed
To Betty Rinehart and to Ted,
To Jane Moser, Dan Dailey,
Mary Weil, and Addison Bailey.
Noël, Noël, in doggerel,
For Leon Woodworth and Adele!
Callooh! Callay! for Margaret Glasby,
Dave Garroway, Dick Clasby,
Charlie Berns, and the Kriendler boys,
Jasper McLevy, and Alfred Noyes.
The time of year has come to rhyme an
Ardent stanza to Jane Wyman,
Bob Pastor, Jane Froman,
Monty Woolley, and Martha Coman.
Mistletoe over Cyd Charisse!
Felicitations to Peter Kihss!
Joy to Philip Van Doren Stern,
And many a happy Yule return
To Audrey Hepburn, Martha Scott,
Ann Francis, and Frederick Knott.

A melody, if you please, Count Basie,
For Bud Lynch and Rosemary Casey.
Peace to troupers like Tom Ewell!
Joy to the Reverend William Buell!
A greeting to Chief Justice Warren,
A tip of the hat to Mark Van Doren!
We'll raise the welkin with a chorus
For Wright and Lloyd and Chester Morris,
And sing the old familiar hymns
For Anna Russell and Sylvia Syms;
We'll warble carols around the town
In honor of Vanessa Brown,
And ask the minstrels to tootle a toot
For Eddy Gilmore and Marchette Chute.
Happy New Year to Dedini,
The same to Erica Morini,
Bobo Olson, Ed Kenton,
Mme. Pandit, Irene Benton,
Ned Bradford, Pat Carroll,
Fritzi Scheff, and Mack Harrell.
A lustier Christmas brew than cider
For Lucile Watson, Vern Sneider,
Ethel Wodehouse, Betsey Barton,
Will Durant, and Margaret Parton.
Bid the rebecs and the harp
Twang pleasantly for David Karp,
And ask the waits if they'll sound off
With something tuneful for Syd Hoff.
The very best from me and you
To Helen Wood and Patachou.
We'll wish the ancient Christmas wish
To Dorothy and Lillian Gish,
Sing "We Three Kings of Orient Are"
For Marie Doro and Margie Mahar,
Wish a gay and blithe Twelfth Night
To Johnny Sain and Susan Hight,
And dare to hope surcease from war
Will come in nineteen-fifty-four.

—Frank Sullivan

PROFILES

THE WORLD ON HIS BACK



Edward R. Murrow

TO the top men of the Columbia Broadcasting System, it is a matter of concern that their news broadcaster Edward R. Murrow, whose baritone voice over the C.B.S. radio and austere presence on C.B.S.-TV have made him both a semi-public figure and a valued private property, has appeared, over the years, to be less attracted to eminence than to trouble. To be sure, Murrow, a lean, dark, handsome, and deceptively easy-mannered man of forty-five, who bears his own eminence without visible effort, is on cordial-to-intimate terms with most of the important people in the United States and Great Britain and gives no evidence of being indifferent to their esteem. But it has been noticed that his satisfaction in his work as an informer of public opinion increases with his proximity to gunfire, to some real or fancied calamity, or to the brink of complete physical exhaustion. During the Second World War, his habit of excusing himself from his post in London to go off on bombing missions brought frequent ineffectual protests from William S. Paley, chairman of the board of the Columbia Broadcasting System and the only man there who has ever tried to boss Murrow; declining to be bossed, Murrow made a couple of dozen combat flights, of which Paley said later, "They didn't do us much good from my point of view, but there was no way to make him stop, short of firing him." Since that war, Murrow has had fewer opportunities to expose himself to hostile marksmen. He did manage to get in two trips to Korea while the shooting was going on there, but for the most part he has had to content himself with the pursuit of floods, droughts, and tornadoes and with such personal discomforts as going too long without sleep and flying too much in airplanes, the first of which causes him to sweat profusely and the second to have trouble with his ears.

Murrow's predilection for fatigue is puzzling to his associates. "Ed is just as rational when he's all worn out as when he's rested—no more, no less," Paley says. "I don't see why he runs himself so ragged. Unless it's that he *thinks* he thinks better when he's got sweat pouring from his forehead." Another colleague of Murrow's has said, "In some way that I don't pretend to understand, Ed's all wound up and can't slow down. I think that, like a lot of other people, he hit his high spot emotionally during the war—specifically, in his case, during the Battle of Britain, when he was living in the midst of disaster, and that sepulchral 'This is London' of his was the voice of England telling America about it. I wouldn't be surprised if he's been trying to recapture some of that—the danger, the exhaustion. In a way, I think it's like the air of toughness he assumes—the sort of thing that makes him sprinkle his conversation with 'ain't's and double negatives."

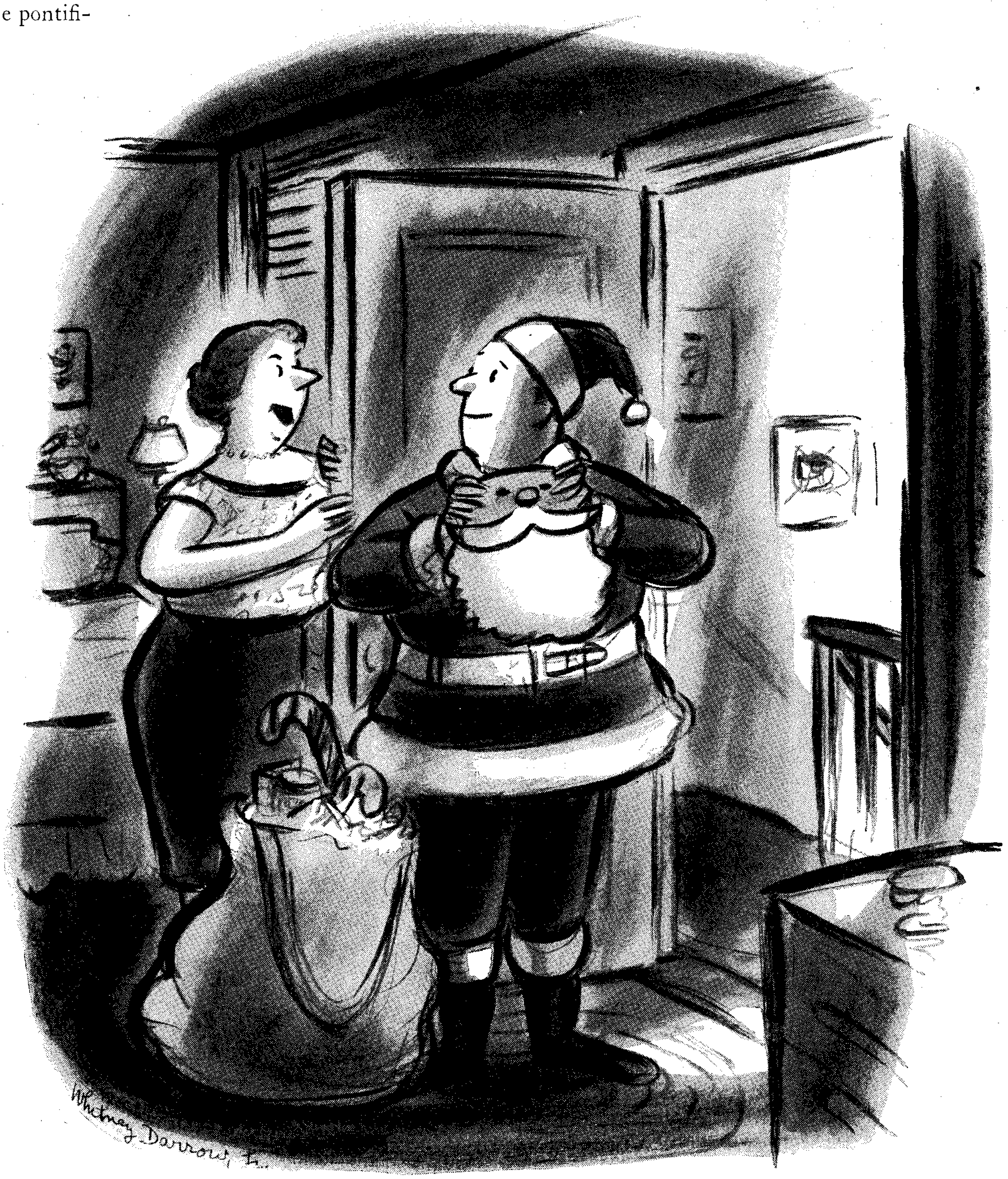
When not scrutinizing the distressful or participating in it, Murrow seems to brood upon it. Large dinner parties have been riled by his between-courses predictions of national or international misfortune at the hands of dictators, demagogues, or plain politicians. Conversely, after-dinner talk sometimes dies when it is seen that Murrow is no longer taking part, or even listening, but is leaning far forward in his chair and staring at the rug, his elbows on his knees and his fists slowly beating each other, an unattended cigarette in his mouth glowing and subsiding with his breathing, and the smoke from his nostrils enveloping his face in a dense infernal cloud. The cigarette may burn to his lips before he plucks it out, crushes it in an ashtray, and picks up the conversation where it was dropped several minutes earlier. This portentous condition of mind persists to some extent when Murrow is at the microphone. On the air, his manner of speaking often conveys the impression that he knows the worst but will try not to mention it, and so powerful is this impression that it has become a cliché around C.B.S. and elsewhere to describe his voice as the voice of doom.

The voice and whatever compulsions lie behind it have combined to give Murrow certain advantages over rival criers of information over the airwaves. He has been careful to present himself as something between the breathless messenger and the sagacious pundit, and so has been able to satisfy the customers of both without agitating the critics of either. As a self-driven leg man, he finds it necessary to cover as much current history as possible; a couple of years ago, he was given a month's vacation and spent it with the troops in Korea, although he admitted to friends that he could think of no very good reason for doing so. Lately, the demands of "Edward R. Murrow with the News," a fifteen-minute radio program he has been presenting five evenings a week for more than six years, have been combined with those of "See It Now" and "Person to Person," two half-hour, once-a-week television shows over which he presides, and the work that this triple-barrelled job entails has partially interrupted his wanderings, with the result that he has to spend a good deal of his time on the air describing events in which he has not been able to take part.

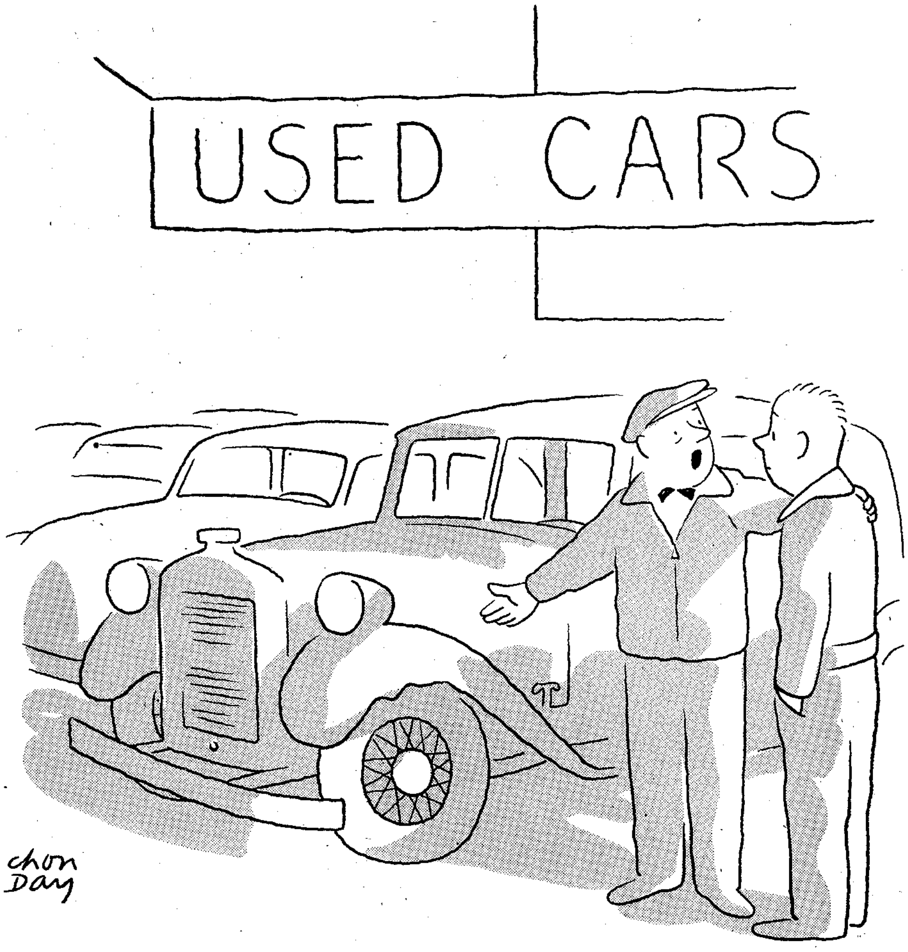
Murrow talks for twelve minutes on his "This Is the News" program, as his radio broadcast is often called—those four words being the ones with which he greets his listeners each evening, Monday through Friday, at seven-forty-five. The three other minutes are given over to the extolling, by an announcer, of the sponsor's product, which, in this part of the country, is Amoco gasoline. Murrow devotes his first six minutes, give or take a few seconds, to a relatively routine presentation of the news that has come into the studio from the press wire services during the day. In the second six, he delivers what he calls his "end-piece," which may be a first-hand report of some event he has contrived to witness, a synopsis of an involved political situation, or a sermon dealing with anything he feels like getting off his chest. Even when he is talking about what he has just seen, he avoids the excited accents of the "Here am I" school of broadcasting; indeed, he sounds more as though he were gazing straight through his subject at its inevitably dire consequences. And his firm control of his baritone is no less an asset when he explores the field of opinion than when he is fresh from the field of action. In introducing the first "This Is the News" broadcast, in September, 1947, he said, "This program is not a place where personal opinion should be mixed up with ascertainable facts." Then he added a qualification: "It is not, I think, humanly possible for any reporter to be completely objective, for we are all to some degree prisoners of our education, travel, reading—the sum total of our experience." Murrow is the prisoner of some strenuous opinions, but his admirers and detractors agree that it is difficult to catch him mixing them up with the facts. One of the former has said, "To hear his broadcasts in the last campaign, you wouldn't have known which side he was on," and one of the latter, "He pontificates, but in such a way as to hide the condescension that goes with pontificating. He's much too clever to let you see what he's up to." Analytical listeners find that Murrow makes his points by tonal understatement, just as he indicates quotation marks by pausing slightly, as if for breath. Among the public men who have commended Murrow for his fairness is Senator Joseph McCarthy.

The care Murrow has taken not to mix opinions with facts has been the subject of widely varying interpretations, even among people whose political outlook is pretty much like his own. "Ed never pushes his liberalism beyond a carefully calculated safety point," one of these people has said. But another says, "He always stands up to be counted when the issue's big enough. And he never misses a chance to stand up for the *principle* of dissent. But he's too much of a fanatic about being a reporter to throw in a lot of opinions when he thinks the facts will make the point by themselves."

MURROW is on the board of directors of C.B.S., a circumstance that has been particularly helpful to Murrow the co-producer, narrator, and occasional interviewer of "See It Now," which is the older of his two television programs, and to Fred W. Friendly, a hulking admirer of his, who is co-producer of the show. "See It Now" grew out of the collaboration of Murrow and Friendly on a set of record albums called "I Can Hear It Now;" instead of documenting history with sounds from the past, as the records did, "See It Now" seeks to present, recorded on film, significant sights and sounds of the present. Among recent "See It Now" programs that have won considerable critical acclaim have been an interview a Murrow representative had with Nehru, a presentation of both sides of an argument between the American Civil Liberties Union and the American Legion in Indianapolis, and a series of interviews conducted by a British journalist named Aidan Crawley with various Americans. The most talked-about "See It Now" dealt with Lieutenant Milo Radulovich, whom the Air Force was about to dismiss because two relatives of his were suspected of having Communist associations; it changed its mind after Murrow reviewed his case on television. To put together programs like these, "See It Now" employs five full-time camera crews, who travel all over the world. Murrow takes a good deal of pride in the fact that the show occasionally loses money. The Aluminum Company of America, its sponsor, pays twenty-three thousand dollars a week



"Now, for heaven's sake, don't stop for a drink at the sideboard, and give yourself away."



"Son, this car has features you've never even heard of."

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toward its expenses (and another thirty-four thousand dollars for the time), but a show sometimes costs more than twenty-three thousand to produce, and when it does Columbia makes up the difference. "From a financial point of view, the show's a great mystery, and I'm the only one sitting on the board who knows where the bodies are," Murrow says. Friendly isn't sure that even Murrow knows. "Ed couldn't tell you how much the show is going to cost for any given week," he says. "Not knowing is a point in our favor. For instance, he tells the other directors he wants to send a camera crew to Korea, and maybe he knows it will take five or ten thousand to pay the crew, but none of them—Ed included—stops to realize that the airplane bill is going to add on twenty thousand. So we go ahead, and the bill comes in later. By that time, the show has been a hit, and it's hard to squawk about a hit, even if it loses money. And even if they should squawk, Ed can remind them that they O.K.'d the idea in the first place." Murrow recently summed up his feelings on the subject by saying, "The theory of this business is that somebody wants to spend so many thousand dollars on a show, and if it costs twice as much as that to put on a good show, he gets a second-rate show. When we started 'See It Now,' I said I wasn't having any of that. If I wanted more than one camera crew, I'd damn well get more than one camera crew. They come to me now, the vice-presidents, and say, 'Look, there's so much going out of this spout and only so much coming in.' And I say, 'If that's the way you want to do it, you'd better get yourselves another boy.' "

What with his radio and television work, his royalties from the sale of records, and his director's fees, Murrow last year earned $211,126.20, which is more than anyone else with C.B.S. got for being serious in that same period. The largest part of Murrow's income came from his radio program, for which he receives thirty-five hundred dollars a week; to compensate, in part, for the liberties he took with the "See It Now" budget, he received only a modest fee, by the standards of the trade, for his labors on television. Murrow's father, a former locomotive engineer, is supposed to have once confessed to a friend that his son was "downright dishonest—making a living just talking." Murrow, who makes better than a living, appears to have something of the same guilty attitude toward the money he earns, and he gets rid of it as though he were obliged to show no enjoyment of it. In the city, he lives in a moderate-size Park Avenue apartment with his wife, Janet, and their eight-year-old son, Charles Casey. His country place, near Pawling, New York, is a log cabin, though, to be sure, the logs are costly cedar. He dresses expensively, but he usually wears an old trench coat or raincoat over most of the expense. He often goes to fancy restaurants and orders scrambled eggs. And he pays more income tax than his accountant thinks necessary. His most conspicuous form of waste, however, is gambling. Although he is a good poker player, late in the evening he almost invariably overbets his hands and comes out a large loser. He has been known to lose as much as twenty-five hundred dollars on the matching of a coin. "There's a little bit of the Warren Harding in him," Friendly says. "He'll say yes to anybody, and sometimes he'll say it before they even ask. Look at the royalties from those record albums of ours. For every four dollars he gets, I get six. Another guy with a big reputation like his would have said, 'Friendly, this deal is going to make you, so you take forty per cent and I'll take sixty.' Did he say that? No. He knew I was just out of the Army and broke, so he took the small slice."

Besides being the best-paid merchant of fact on the air, Murrow is without much doubt the most lavishly rewarded in sheets of paper suitable for framing. Since 1938, he has won forty awards or citations, has been presented with five honorary degrees, three of them LL.D.s, and has been appointed an honorary officer of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire. He has also refused three offers of college presidencies and innumerable offers to write books, and he has given no encouragement to some influential friends who have urged him to go back to the State of Washington, where he grew up, and run for the Senate. "When it comes to politics, I've never had an ambition that lasted more than ninety days," he says. "And it ain't no false modesty to say that I don't know enough to write a book. I can write the language of speech, but that's totally different. When I write a book review or a preface to somebody else's book, Janet has to go through it and scatter the commas. As for the academic life, I'm fascinated by ideas, but I'm not an educated guy and I just haven't got the qualifications

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At the close of the day, in the Katakura silk mill, near Tokyo, the machines whine to a halt, the workers face them stiffly, arms out at their sides, bow rigidly from the waist, and recite aloud: "We thank you, O kind machinery, for ensuring our daily livelihood."

We, too, would like to thank the kind machinery. We would like to thank the Dodge Truck machinery, and Chevrolet, the Marchant calculating machinery and the Friden, the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad and the Union Pacific, the Travelers Insurance and the Hardware Mutuals, the Inserting and Mailing machinery and the Pitney-Bowes, the White Horse Scotch, the Western Electric. We bow from the waist to Western Union and Eastman Kodak, to National Cash and Cities Service, to Fairbanks-Morse, and Signor Olivetti, AT&T, and A. B. Dick, Home Insurance, Hertz, the Florist's Telegraph Delivery Service, Libbey-Owens-Ford, Borg-Warner, Westinghouse, General Electric, Portland Cement, Kentile, Union Oil, and a hundred more. We thank you, O kind machinery, for giving Nation's Business the most successful year we can remember. More advertisers, more pages, more income, more progress—well, what more could any publisher ask? We wish you a Merry Christmas, and a New Year as bright as you have made this lovely year for us . . . Nation's Business, *a magazine for businessmen*, Washington 6, D. C.

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for it." Murrow is nevertheless subject to recurrent yearnings for quiet and leisure, and once or twice a year he tells Friendly that he has decided to take an educational job or a sabbatical. Friendly then thinks up some exhausting stunt, and no more is heard about the matter. Another friend of Murrow's doesn't believe Friendly need worry about losing his associate to the campus. "It's too late now for Ed to switch," he says. "Those wartime years gave him a feeling of importance. When he goes to England now, he doesn't have to call up a private secretary and wangle an interview with Churchill. Churchill wants to see him. Naturally, Ed gets a kick out of it, just as he gets a kick out of Eisenhower's calling him Ed. He's much too much of a showman not to have fun in the part he's playing. When he gets out of a plane, wearing a trench coat and a hat with the brim pulled down, he's Ed Murrow, the big correspondent. Maybe one reason he enjoys acting like a newspaperman so much is that he never was a newspaperman."

A recurrent desire to get away from it all is not entirely a handicap to a high-priced employee in maintaining himself in a milieu of power politics. Murrow has achieved a position at C.B.S. that is outside, and basically antithetical to, the corporate structure of authority. In radio and television, those who appear on factual programs are ordinarily looked upon as poor cousins of the entertainers, because, as in most business enterprises, there is a tendency to value performance in terms of the amount of money it brings in, and in that the entertainers notoriously lead the field. By appealing to all heights of brow—from the people who listen to comedians to the ones who tune in on symphonies—Murrow has risen far above the ranks of the poor cousins, and in doing so has achieved a singular amount of freedom from authority of any kind. Not only does he do pretty much as he pleases about running his own shows but he has had a fairly free hand in the creation and development of the whole C.B.S. news service. During the nine years he served as European director of the service, he hired many of its correspondents, often against the better judgment of his superiors, and he has doggedly fought off interference with their reporting, both from above and from the outside. Moreover, he has relentlessly looked after the best interests of the men he has hired—a loyal group known in C.B.S. circles as "Murrow boys." "There's not one of us who doesn't go and cry on his shoulder the minute something goes wrong," a member of this group has said. "And Ed will pick up the phone and get the right person on the wire and say, 'Hey, wait a minute! We can't do this to this guy.' " Another takes a broader view. "Ed is what keeps the whole thing together," he says. "The total product of Murrow is much more than Murrow on the mike." As for Murrow himself, he says staunchly, "The help I get from the correspondents is greater than any they get from me." Wells Church, the radio-news director at C.B.S., once complained, "Ed Murrow has collected the Goddamnedest bunch of camp followers, and not one of them is worth a damn." But Church is a "Murrow boy" himself.

Firmly entrenched though Murrow would seem to be, however, his position is an uneasy one, as he tacitly admitted when he insisted on inserting a clause in his contract that will release him from it should Paley ever cease to be the ultimate authority on the board. This proviso is an indication of a relationship that goes a long way toward explaining how Murrow has been able to carve out his highly unusual niche in C.B.S. affairs. "Bill Paley's got a conscience, and he cares about more than just making money," a man familiar with the workings of the company said not long ago. "But in radio you've got to make money before you can do anything else, and most of the brass at C.B.S. thinks in terms of profit, which on the air means entertainment. Bill needs Ed to remind him to think in terms of news. Well, it's a little bigger than that—let's call it responsibility. In that sense, you might say that Ed is Bill's conscience."

MURROW'S occasional yearning for the campus may go back to the time, in his pre-radio days, when he was employed on the fringes of the academic world, or it may go back still further, to the time when, upon graduating from high school, he was forced to realize that, because of lack of money, he could not go to the college of his choice. Lack of money was the dominant theme of his youth. "I can't remember when I didn't have to work," he says. He was born on a small farm near Greensboro, North Carolina, in 1908, the youngest of three brothers. (The eldest, Lacey, is now a brigadier general in the Air Force, and the other, Dewey, is a contractor in Spokane.) The "R" in Edward R. Murrow stands for Roscoe, which is his father's name. The father, an easy-going two-hundred-and-fifty-pounder, taught his sons to fish and shoot, and liked to roughhouse with them. Their mother, a Southern Methodist, weighed about ninety; a stern disciplinarian, she allowed no fishing on Sunday and no card-playing in the house at any time, and, as Murrow recalls it, "made the old man beat hell out of us when we were bad." The farm produced an income of six or seven hundred dollars a year, and all three boys had to help to make it produce even that, the two older ones driving a hayrake and thinning corn, and the youngest carrying slops and doing other light chores. When Murrow was six, his father sold the farm and moved to Blanchard, Washington, sixty miles north of Seattle, where he got a job as a farmhand, and for a while the family lived in a tent. Then the father found work in a sawmill and the family moved into a house, and from the sawmill he went to a logging railroad, first as a brakeman and then as a locomotive engineer. Murrow started earning money summers at the age of fifteen, as a whistle punk in a lumber camp, and at sixteen he was the fireman of a donkey engine; his last two years in high school he drove the school bus. After graduating, he worked a year as chainman for a survey gang, saving money for college. He wanted to go to the University of Virginia but decided it would take too long to earn enough money, so he went to Washington State College, where his brothers had gone. He helped to pay his way by tending furnaces and washing dishes in a sorority house, and in the summers he continued to work in lumber camps. He got good grades, went in for some college dramatics, and became president of the student council, but he had no time, and little aptitude, for athletics. "I don't even swim very well, because I was always working at the time when most kids learn," he says.

In his last year at Washington State, Murrow was elected president of the West Coast Student Councils, and this led, after his graduation, in 1930—at which he smudged a distinguished record by tripping over his sabre in the R.O.T.C. parade—to a job as president of the National Student Federation. The pay was twenty-five dol-

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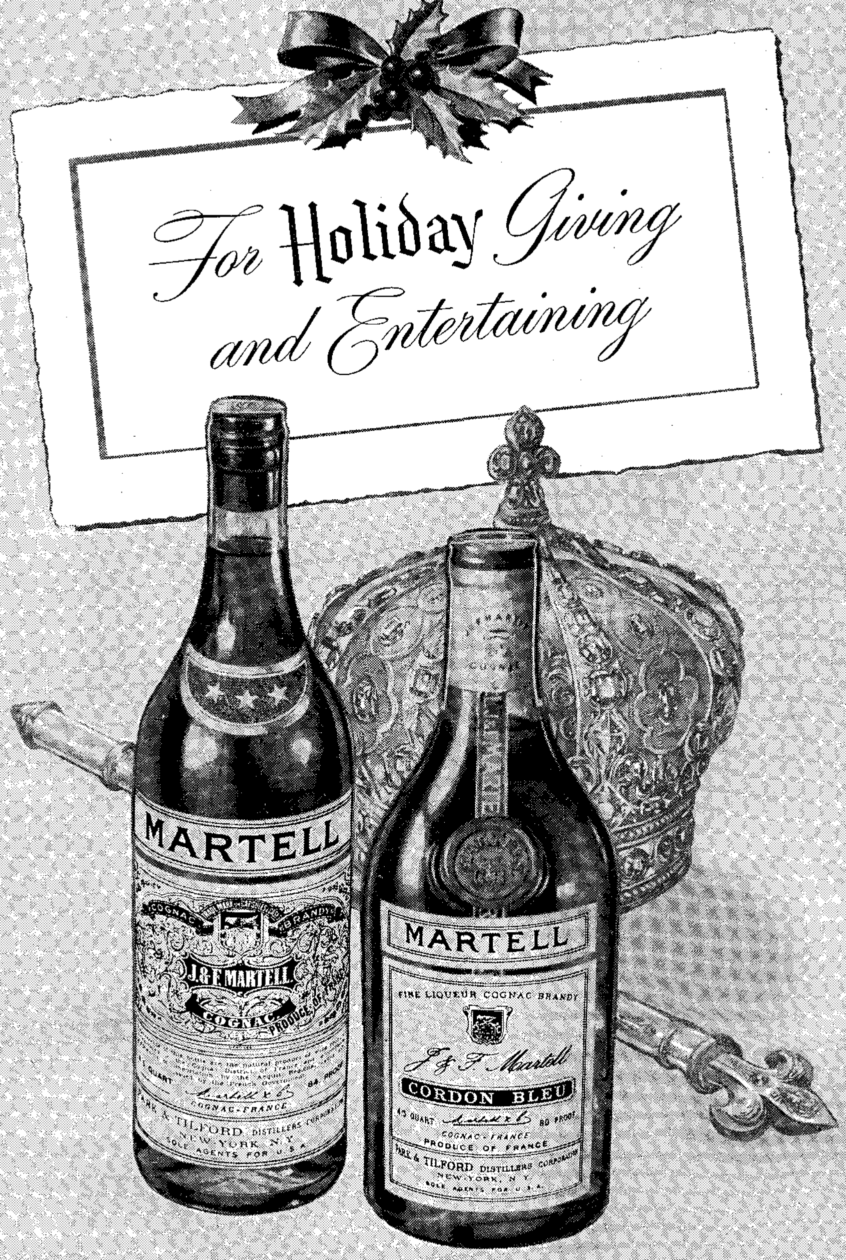

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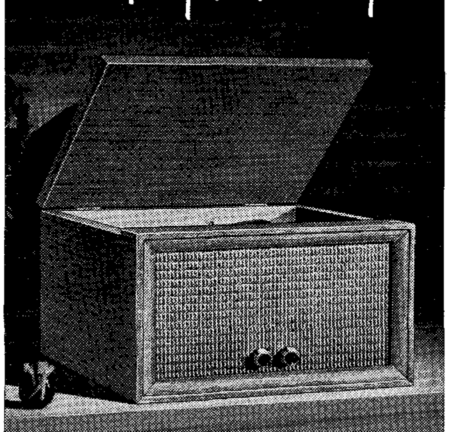

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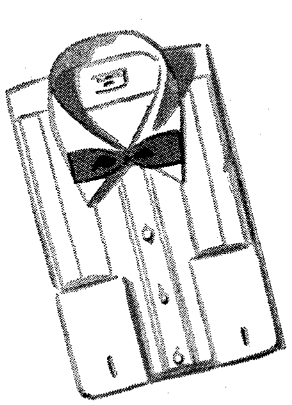

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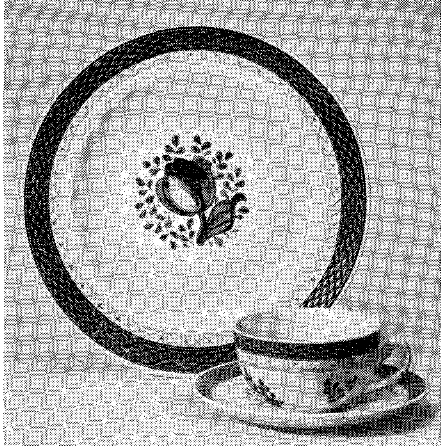
lars a week and expenses, the office was a basement in New York, and the work was mostly arranging students' tours to Europe, at an average cost of two hundred and fifty dollars for the round trip. Murrow was an earnest and hard-working young man; in two years he not only arranged dozens of tours but made speeches describing them at over a hundred colleges and universities and took one jaunt around Europe himself. Then, in 1932, he found a better job, as assistant director of the Institute of International Education, an enterprise concerned with facilitating the exchange of graduate students and professors and financed by the Rockefeller Foundation and the Carnegie Corporation. One of the attractions of this job was a free trip to Europe each summer.

The director of the Institute was Professor Stephen P. Duggan, of C.C.N.Y. After Hitler rose to power, Duggan and several other educators organized an Emergency Committee in Aid of Displaced Foreign Scholars, and under this awkward and anxious letterhead Murrow, as the committee's secretary, carried on its correspondence. "It was the most satisfying experience I ever had," he said recently. "About ninety-eight per cent of the money came from Jewish sources, but we never raised any questions about the racial origin of a professor—only about his ability and whether a university would take him. I got more of an education from those professors than I'd ever had before. I was running a kind of revolving seminar. That's when I learned to talk slowly, too, because some of them couldn't speak English very well. Most of my time was spent with people twenty to forty years older than I was. They took me seriously, and I guess I took myself pretty seriously."

When Murrow was twenty-six, he was offered the presidency of Rockford, a small women's college in Illinois. Having just got married to Janet Brewster, a graduate of Mount Holyoke, whom he had met a couple of years earlier, he was on the verge of accepting the offer. "But the ladies hadn't pursued their investigations far enough to learn how young I was, or to find out that I didn't have some of the qualifications they thought I had," he says. "When they did find out, the whole thing fell through. That got me to thinking that there wasn't no future for me in the world of scholarship, because I didn't have the credentials. Then I heard that C.B.S. was looking for somebody to work on education, and that seemed to be the answer."

Murrow joined C.B.S. in 1935, as director of its talks-and-special-events department, which involved supervising educational programs dealing with political and scientific subjects and addressing various groups on the potentialities of radio as a medium of education. He got more into the thick of things during the months that preceded the Presidential election of the following year when, as assistant producer, he helped with some of the campaign broadcasts. In February, 1937, in New Orleans, where he had gone to deliver a speech before the National Education Association, he received a long-distance call from Edward Klauber, who was then the executive vice-president of Columbia, asking him if he would like to go to Europe and indicating that he wanted an immediate answer. Murrow immediately answered yes, and found himself with the title of European director of C.B.S., an office in London, and the duty of arranging programs of what he now speaks of as "culture stuff." "There never was such a job," he says. "I'd take a week or ten days to go to Rome to arrange for a broadcast by the Vatican Choir—which, of course, I could have done on the telephone. There were summer conferences in Salzburg and other pleasant places. I had no desire at the time to become a broadcaster. Why would I, with a job like that?"

It was more or less by accident that Murrow became a broadcaster. Radio reporting had fumbled its way to the point where not only politicians but well-known newspapermen were being called to the microphone to comment on important news. The National Broadcasting Company even had a correspondent in Europe to report the news over the air. Late in 1937, Murrow hired as an assistant, to help him get up "culture stuff," a former newspaperman named William L. Shirer, and stationed him on the Continent. Shirer was in Vienna—he was trying to arrange a broadcast by a chorus of school children—in March, 1938, when Hitler took over Austria. Shirer telephoned Murrow, who was in Warsaw, also on a musical mission, and reported that



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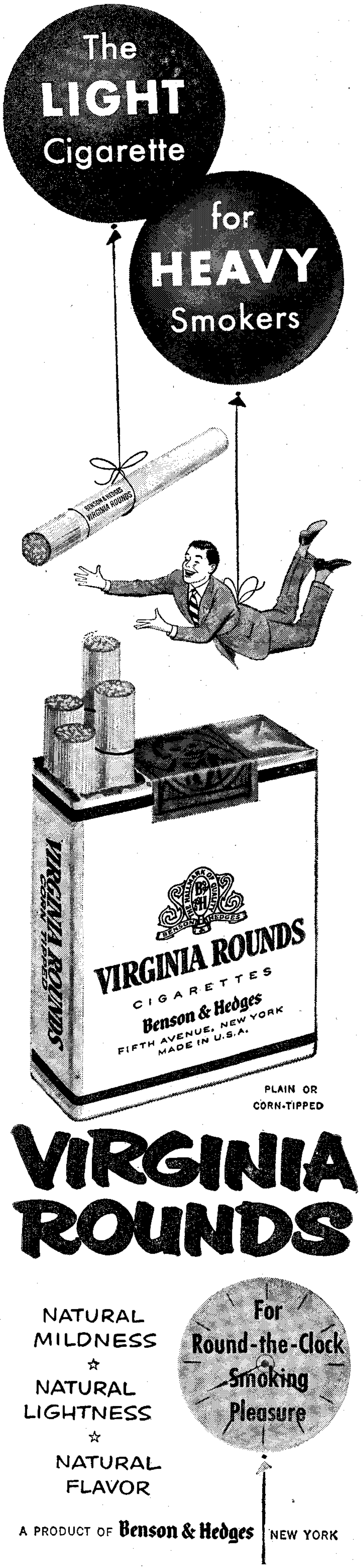
he had a story but couldn't do anything about broadcasting it, because of censorship. Murrow advised him to fly to London and broadcast it himself. Murrow then flew to Vienna. By the time he arrived, N.B.C. had been allowed to broadcast some comments on the Anschluss, and Murrow was able to wangle the same privilege. New York had raised no objection to his having put Shirer on the air—it was the first news broadcast from abroad in C.B.S.'s history—so Murrow made several broadcasts of his own. When he got back to London, he found that his status had changed. Klauber, who before going to C.B.S. had been night city editor of the New York *Times*, had persuaded Paley that there was something to radio reporting, and Paley had started giving a freer hand to his news director, Paul White. Because most of the news of the day was being made in Europe and Murrow was on the scene, Paley instructed him to build up a staff. Among the men whom Murrow hired—they now constitute the core of Columbia's news service—were Eric Sevareid, Larry Lesueur, Charles Collingwood, Richard C. Hottelet, and Bill Downs. After one of the new Murrow recruits had made his first broadcast, Murrow would frequently get a telephone call from Paley or Klauber complaining that the fellow was terrible. Murrow had a stock reply: "I'm hiring reporters, not announcers."

Murrow's behavior during the war was perplexing to his colleagues, to his employers, and, apparently, even to himself. During the Battle of Britain, he reported air raids from the streets and rooftops, drove an open car, and made a point of dining under a skylight, and he inexplicably found it necessary to have his office as close as he could get it to the headquarters of the British Broadcasting Corporation, which Nazi bombers treated as a prize target; the London C.B.S. bureau was bombed out of three offices, and the windows of a fourth were smashed. When the Allies took over the offensive in the air, Murrow showed at least an equal disregard for his own safety by his insistence on going out on bombing missions. Discussing Murrow's combat flights, a fellow-correspondent has said, "A man in Ed's position does it once to show he's ready to do what he asks others to do. He may even make two or three flights, if there's something extra special about them. But no more. I think Ed's got a martyr complex." Paley, whose efforts to keep Murrow on the ground failed so dismally, said not long ago,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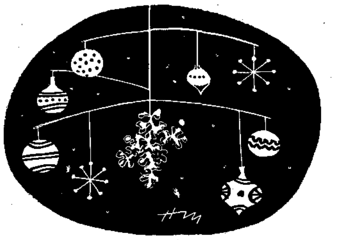
"He'd agree to stop it, and then the next thing I knew, he'd be off on another raid. I used to think he was afraid he was a coward, but it's more complicated than that." Murrow himself is not sure about the number of these trips ("It couldn't have been more than twenty-five") or why he felt obliged to make them. "Partly it was being a Boy Scout, I guess," he says. "Partly, I like fliers. Partly, it was a dromomania I have—I even have it when I drive a car. Partly, it was vanity. Three or four times in London, when I'd be sitting in the office with some of the boys, we'd hear the B.B.C. playing back things I'd said, and nothing has ever made me feel as good as that. I can't be logical about it. Like in 1950, when I decided to spend my vacation in Korea. Everybody asked me 'Why are you going?' and I couldn't think of any reason that made sense. It was just something I had to do."

Murrow became an important man in London. He not only had the entrée into governing and social circles that all influential American correspondents enjoyed but was held in especially high favor because of the fervor of his broadcasts at the time when England stood alone in the blitz. In addition, Mrs. Murrow was the London director of Bundles for Britain. Paley, who was also in London during a part of the war, as a colonel and deputy chief of SHAEF's Psychological Warfare Division, was impressed by his employee's prestige. "It seemed he was almost the most important American there," he said later. Apparently, Paley was also impressed by a quality of Murrow's that has been called—with varying degrees of sympathy—idealism, do-goodism, and the-world-on-my-backism; at any rate, during this period he told friends that his own outlook was broadening. At the end of the war, he persuaded Murrow to come back to New York as vice-president of C.B.S. in charge of news and public affairs; Klauber had retired, and the new vice-president was to take over some of his responsibilities. Murrow was reluctant to give up broadcasting, but Paley convinced him that his audience had gone with the war.



IT is generally agreed that Murrow was miscast as a vice-president. One man who left C.B.S. while he held the position has said, "Ed never could manage a news service, so after a year and a half he gave up." Those who still work there, however, concede that it is in large part thanks to Murrow that C.B.S. hires correspondents who are inclined to approach the news with an open mind and by and large leaves them free to report it as they see it, without policy directives or "guidance." (Marya Mannes, a radio critic, feels much the same way. "The key of C.B.S. is reason and reliability," she wrote in a recent article about the networks for the *Reporter*. "It is doubtful whether any news organization anywhere—the press included—has a better staff of reporters.") As a director, Murrow seems to have been a bit difficult in his dealings with staff members he had had no hand in hiring. "It's got to be admitted that if you weren't a 'Murrow boy,' you were under a handicap," one of these has said. "Ed couldn't seem to get it into his head that some of the others were just as good." Howard K. Smith, who succeeded Murrow as European director, has always been an exception. He was already a C.B.S. employee when Murrow promoted him to the post in London. At one time, a dissident group at C.B.S. formed a Murrow Isn't God Club, but it was disbanded after Murrow asked if he could join.

Of his tour of duty as a vice-president, Murrow says, "I was going to revolutionize radio from the inside—make it adult and intelligent. But I didn't like the 'in' basket and the 'out' basket. I didn't like budgets. I'm not a very good administrator. And I had some ideas that didn't turn out very well. We started something called 'C.B.S. Views the Press.' I naïvely thought that since the press takes it upon itself to criticize everything else, somebody had a right to criticize the press. It seemed I was wrong. At least, the show never found a sponsor and was dropped. Most of all, I didn't like firing people. I wanted to be a reporter again, because I needed the dignity and satisfaction of being a reporter."

Murrow's friends believe that his decision to give up the vice-presidency was brought to a head by the departure from C.B.S. of Shirer, who had returned from Europe in 1940 to become a commentator in New York. Neither Murrow nor Shirer likes to talk about the affair, but the facts appear to be that Shirer's sponsor complained about his broadcasts, Shirer was shifted to an unsponsored program at a less desirable hour, and Shirer resigned. Two or three newspaper columnists asserted that Shirer had been shifted because of his liberal opinions, and Murrow, as the official directly responsible for making the switch, came in for a good deal of criticism from the liberal benches. On the other hand, his supporters point out that if a sponsor objects to a commentator, the network can do little but substitute an acceptable one or lose the sponsor, and they contend that C.B.S. would have tried to find another sponsor for Shirer if he hadn't decided to quit. However that may be, Shirer's leaving must have been painful to Murrow, for after all Shirer was the original "Murrow boy." Murrow gave up his vice-presidency in the summer of 1947, and returned to broadcasting that September. "I was pretty nervous there for a while," he says. "I had to get my audience back." The chances are that, Paley's earlier views notwithstanding, it had never strayed very far. Murrow's doomful baritone was as well suited to a cold war as it had been to a hot one, and by the autumn of 1947 a great many people were evidently waiting to be assured that no matter how bad things were, Murrow was there to interpret them. Radio statistics are not always reliable, but for what they are worth, they credit Murrow with almost three million listeners.

A single daily radio program was not enough to satisfy Murrow's restless nature. While he was still a vice-president, Friendly had come to him with the idea of the "I Can Hear It Now" albums, and together they had listened to recordings of broadcasts of historic events from 1932 to 1945. Now they went to work in earnest on the project, and in 1948 they brought out their first album; it was soon followed by two more. In 1950, Murrow and Friendly tried the "Hear It Now" idea on radio, but dropped it a few months later in favor of their "See It Now" television show, which now is supposed to have an audience of around three million. During its first two seasons, "See It Now" appeared on Sunday afternoon, but last September it was moved to Tuesday night, at ten-thirty, so that Murrow might have a chance to rest weekends. Perhaps a little frightened by this prospect, he started a new television program within a month, which he presents on Friday nights at ten-thirty. Called "Person to Person," the new show consists of a series of interviews in which Murrow, at the studio, holds successive conversations with two celebrities in

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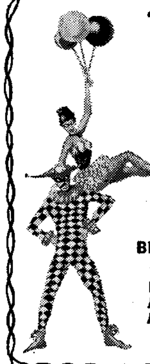

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their homes here or, if they are from abroad, in their hotels. "Person to Person" has already won an award (the Sylvania) as "the most outstanding new television series of the year," and Murrow has derived a certain amount of fun from pairing such disparate individuals as Earl Blaik and Valentina, Tallulah Bankhead and Theodore H. White, Sir Roger Makins and Joe Louis, and V. K. Krishna Menon and Eva Gabor. At the conclusion of a "Person to Person" program, Murrow is able to embark on his weekend in a suitably exhausted condition.

In addition to these programs of his own, Murrow provides recorded introductions for "This I Believe," a five-day-a-week radio program, arranged by Raymond Swing, that presents the philosophies of various public and private citizens. The day after the broadcast, the credos are syndicated in sixty newspapers. Last year, some of them made yet a third appearance—in a book, named after the program, for which Murrow provided the introduction. It has sold three hundred thousand copies.

ORDINARILY, Murrow starts work on his radio broadcast at five o'clock in the afternoon, having read the news from time to time during the day and thought from time to time about its darker potentialities. Promptly on the hour, as indicated by a clock over the door of his office—a small corner one on the seventeenth floor of the C.B.S. Building, on Madison Avenue—he strolls into an adjoining office that is occupied by Jesse Zousmer, a cheerful former newspaperman, who writes most of Murrow's copy for the news report that constitutes the first half of the program. Zousmer has been joined earlier by John Aaron, a roundish man with a worried look, who produces ideas and does research for the program. After Zousmer has poured the three of them a small drink of Scotch from a bottle he keeps in a cabinet, they begin to discuss the evening's broadcast. Aaron and Zousmer have been discussing it most of the day, and have usually found in the news a pattern that suggests a suitable subject for the endpiece, which Murrow writes—or, rather, dictates—himself, filling it out with background material supplied by C.B.S. correspondents in the field. Since both his assistants have trained themselves to think as much like Murrow as possible, Murrow is likely to agree to their proposals, adding remarks that, once they've had some editing, he may repeat over the air. One afternoon a while ago, for instance, the day's news consisted largely of dissension among the forces opposed to Communism, and Murrow said, "And all that trouble started without a single goddam Russian being hit over the head with a billy club, doused with a fire hose, or prodded with a bayonet." Zousmer made a mental note to put the words into the news report, deleting the "goddam" as he did so.

Murrow has developed an accurate sense of time, which enables him to break up the conference within a minute or so of six without looking at the clock. He returns to his office and dictates his endpiece to Miss Kay Campbell, who has worked for him since 1937. Zousmer, meanwhile, begins to "rough" the copy of the news report on his typewriter and Aaron starts searching for some quotations appropriate to the subject of the endpiece. Murrow will choose one of these as his "word for today," a half-minute homily that he delivers after the closing commercial and by means of which he has persuaded his sponsors not to interrupt the main part of his broadcast. By seven-fifteen, Miss Campbell has typed the endpiece and Zousmer has brought in his copy. Murrow reads the entire script and then goes back over it and changes a few words here and there. He likes alliteration, and will change "mistrust" to "distrust" if there is another "dis" nearby.

By seven-thirty, Murrow has finished editing the script, has read it over several times, and has picked a quotation from Aaron's list. Up to that point, he has been pretty much at ease, but now, with nothing to do but wait for seven-forty-five, he begins to get nervous. He glances at whatever late news bulletins Zousmer may bring him, although he seldom adds anything to his script unless it is very important. He makes a couple of impatient trips to the water cooler. By seven-thirty-five, he is again seated at his desk, leaning back, his hands behind his head, and going over the script in his mind as he stares moodily out the window or at the wall before him, on which hangs a large photograph of Carl Sandburg, inscribed "Edward R. Murrow—reporter, historian, inquirer, actor, ponderer, seeker—Yrs., Carl Sandburg." Zousmer and Aaron allow him a few minutes of this, and then one of them comes in with a question to distract him. When the clock over the door says seven-forty-two, Murrow gets up and starts down a short corridor that leads to the studio. Zousmer and Aaron accompany him as far as the entrance. His coat is off and he is wearing red or green suspenders over a light-colored shirt; his collar is open and his tie loosened; his sleeves are rolled not quite to the elbows. His face is covered with sweat and his expression and movements are a good deal like those of a man going to his execution.

In the studio, Murrow sits down at a table before the microphone, which he tries not to look at. ("I've never got over a slight sense of fright at the sight of one of those things," he says.) He lays his copy in front of him, blows his nose, takes a drink of water, says something to test his voice, runs a hand over his face, and watches the clock. As the program goes on the air and the announcer, Bob Dixon, spells out "A-m-o-c-o," Murrow's face takes on a look of disgust and his right foot begins to tap softly. It keeps tapping until Dixon has intoned, "Now here is Edward R. Murrow," and then Murrow's voice comes in on the downbeat, in portentous cadence, giving each word the same stress: "This—is—the—news." For all its portentousness, there is often a small tremor in his voice at the outset, and during the first minute or so he sounds like a man reading, but he soon loses his self-consciousness, and by the time he goes into his endpiece, his head is wagging as Franklin D. Roosevelt's used to, his eyebrows rise with every point he makes, and his voice has the resonance of an orator's. Two minutes before his time is up, an assistant director sitting beside him slides a stopwatch onto the table in front of him. Since his program has different sponsors in different parts of the country (it is Hamm's beer in the Midwest, and Hudson cars and Safeco insurance in the Far West) and all will start chattering at exactly twenty seconds past 7:57, New York time, Murrow does not have the slight leeway enjoyed by broadcasters with just one sponsor but must finish on the second. "I'd rather go too fast and have to ad-lib at the end," he says, "than go too slow and lose the punch by having to speed up."

From the studio, Murrow goes directly to a lavatory, where he washes the sweat from his face, wets and combs his hair, buttons his collar, and adjusts his tie. He returns to his office to pick

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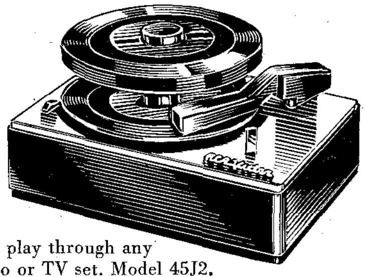

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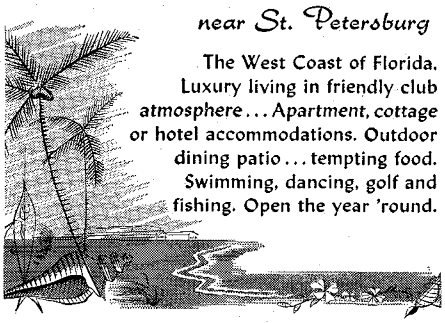

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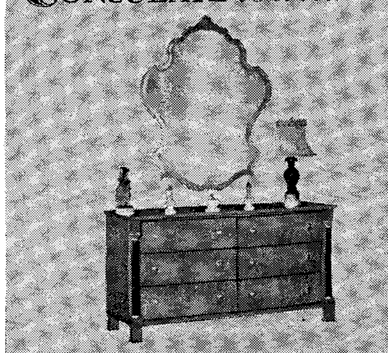

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up his coat, and then, with Zousmer and Aaron, takes the elevator to the ground floor of the building, where there is a bar-and-grill called Colbee's. Three stools at the far end of the bar are reserved for Murrow and his lieutenants, and so is a bottle of House of Lords Scotch. Murrow takes his Scotch with water and without ice, and he needs two, and sometimes three, drinks to ease his tension; Aaron and Zousmer know that it has begun to ease when he stops staring into his glass and says something to one of them.

BEFORE Murrow became so deeply involved in television, he and his wife went out to dinner two or three times a week, or had friends in. (The guests would be invited for eight and Murrow would arrive at eight-thirty.) Nowadays, he is more likely to snatch a bite with Aaron, who conceived the idea of "Person to Person," and spend the evening working on it with him, or to meet Friendly for dinner and talk over ideas for "See It Now" programs. Murrow spends the better part of two evenings each week preparing for his television shows and the better part of two more evenings putting them on. Although he seldom gets to bed before two o'clock, and often stays up past four, he is usually in his office by ten, with the papers already read.

Unless Murrow is planning some special stunt in which he will personally participate, the actual production of "See It Now" is pretty much in Friendly's hands until the Monday morning before it goes on the air. However, Murrow and Friendly map out each show at least a week in advance—and as much as several months in advance in the case of an occasional double-length show—and every morning they discuss the progress of the subjects (there are generally from two to four of them) that it covers. Friendly keeps in daily contact with the camera crews by telephone or cable. Of the five camera crews that work full time for "See It Now," four are stationed in this country and the fifth in Europe, but the boundaries of the territory they cover are elastic and at any moment one of them may be sent to some other part of the world on an assignment. Each of the domestic crews consists of a reporter, a cameraman, and a sound man, along with some twenty-five pieces of equipment, which are worth a total of seventeen thousand dollars; the European crew has the same makeup except that the nearest C.B.S. correspondent fills in as a reporter. In addition to its own crews, "See It Now" has an arrangement with "News of the Day," a newsreel company, that permits it to use the three newsreel crews the latter outfit maintains, in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles. During a fairly typical week last summer, Friendly had one crew in South Carolina working on a hydrogen-bomb sequence, one doing a local story about an umpire, one in Washington, one in Luxembourg, and one getting ready to go to Korea. Film comes in from the crews all week long, and Friendly decides how it should be presented and, with the help of three cutters, trims it down to enough for an hour-long show. He then runs this off for Murrow, who criticizes and makes suggestions for its final cutting to half-hour length. In theory, this is done early Monday, but in practice it often breaks into Murrow's weekends. From Monday morning until the show goes on the air, the two men work over the script of Murrow's commentary and rehearse the show two or three times, taking only a few hours off for Murrow to prepare and deliver his "This Is the News" broadcasts and for both men to catch a little sleep. The preparation of the commentary is rather like that of the news broadcast. Friendly usually writes the first draft, Murrow rewrites it, and then they both polish it up during rehearsals.

Murrow is even more nervous before a television appearance than before a broadcast, and submits to having his face made up with much the same lack of enthusiasm that he displays while listening to the commercial on his radio show. He refuses to let the makeup man daub over a mole on his right cheek, which he seems to consider a kind of trademark, like the cigarette he is always smoking when he turns to face the camera.

IN June, 1952, shortly after Murrow had made one of his periodic remarks to Friendly about leaving radio and television for a nice, quiet teaching job, Friendly came up with a proposal that made him forget all about campus life. The United States Air Force, it seemed, was prepared to stage a sham atomic attack on New York City in order to demonstrate to the public why the nation could not be adequately defended from air attack without an organized ground-observer corps.

Friendly suggested to Murrow not only that the attack would make a fine subject for "See It Now" but that Murrow should participate in it, and Murrow agreed. As the show was worked out between the Air Force, Friendly, and Murrow, three B-29 heavy bombers would approach the coast of Maine from the north, flying too low to be detected by radar. They would continue down the coast and across Connecticut, where civilian watchers would be primed to spot them as they gained altitude for the run over New York. Three two-seater jet fighters from Otis Air Force Base, near Falmouth, on Cape Cod, would intercept them and (theoretically) shoot down one, leaving the two others free to (theoretically) destroy New York. Camera crews on the ground would photograph the workings of the spotter system, the flight of the bombers, and the takeoff of the jets. In one of the bombers, flying from England, would be a camera crew and Howard K. Smith, who would temporarily desert his European post for the occasion. In one of the jets would be a cameraman. In another, with a microphone, through which he was to describe what he saw for the show's sound track, would be Murrow.

At ten-thirty on a Tuesday night Murrow left LaGuardia Field for Otis Base in a bucket-seated C-47, which had been flown down from Stewart Air Force Base, at Newburgh, to pick him up. He had made his evening broadcast, stopped at Colbee's for two Scotches and a ham-and-cheese sandwich, picked up a suitcase at his apartment, and taken a taxi to the airport. It was a warm evening, and when he got into the plane he was wearing a well-used hat and had a trench coat over his arm. Once in the cabin, he removed his hat and jacket, loosened his collar, and, as the plane started to climb, took small sips of whiskey from a bottle. He was sweating heavily.

An hour later, the plane landed at Otis Base in a Cape Cod mist and Murrow was met by his camera crew and two public-relations officers. After he had left his suitcase in a guest cabin, the two officers drove him and the camera crew and the two pilots of the C-47 to the Coonamessett Inn, a couple of miles from the base. There they met several jet pilots, including Captain Robert D. Rohlfs, with whom Murrow was to fly the next day. A woman at the bar carried her drink to the table where Murrow was sitting and asked, "Which one of you is this Edward R. Murrow I've been hearing so much about?" Murrow pointed to his cameraman.

The inn stopped serving drinks at one, and soon afterward the party drove back to the base and stopped off at the house of Major Ben Atwood, who began explaining to Murrow what he would hear during his flight. "You'll be sitting in the rear of an F-94, and you'll hear all the intercepts," Atwood said. "You'll also be able to talk to the pilot."

Murrow said, "The way we've set this up, there ain't going to be anything along the lines of what we usually call commentary. We don't want any 'Now we're going over Stamford. Now we're going over White Plains.' What we want is what normally goes on on the intercom."

Rohlfs said, "That would be obscene, sir."

Murrow said, "All I want from the pilot is if all he hears from the bombers is 'Bombs away,' that's all I want from him. All I want is what's said from the ground to the air—to the guy I'm flying with—that's all I want. If we can make it as actual and casual as it is in actual operating, that's the way I want it. When we get on the ground, we can patch it together. The whole idea is to say to the listener, 'This is what you would hear. This is what would happen if there's an air attack.' "

Atwood said, "If it runs as it should, there'll be very little chatter on the air."

Murrow said, "All right, but one thing we've got to avoid is either conversation or pictures that would not occur. This is not a show to show Murrow went up in a jet. That's the least important point. If the Russians turn up next Wednesday, Murrow may not be here."

The party broke up at three-thirty, and the two public-relations officers drove Murrow to the guest cabin, promising to call for him at seven-thirty. Murrow got to bed at four and woke up spontaneously at seven-fifteen. After breakfast at the officers' club with several of the pilots, he was escorted to the operations office, where he learned that the weather was moderately good, with a visibility of six miles and with thin, scattered clouds at twenty-five hundred feet over New York and thunderstorms in that area. At nine-fifteen, everyone who was to take part in the operation was assembled for a briefing by Lieutenant Colonel Frederick Ploetz. The three bombers, Ploetz announced, were then over Bangor at twenty-five hundred feet, flying a V formation. After passing Bridgeport, they would climb

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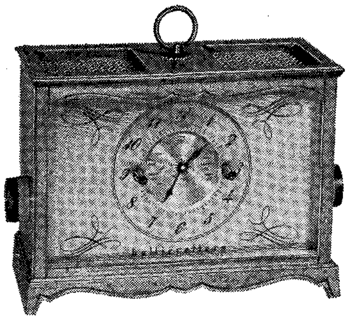

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to five thousand feet, and would later go to eight thousand for the run over New York. The three fighters would intercept them over Bridgeport, and halfway down Long Island Sound, one of the bombers would drop out of formation; each fighter was to make one pass at it as it went down. The fighters would then make passes at the remaining two bombers until they reached downtown New York.

Murrow was given a heavy khaki flying suit, a Mae West, and an oxygen mask with a microphone fitted into it. When everybody was dressed for the flight, he and his camera crew and the three pilots were driven to the field, where the fighters were lined up before a low frame building. As a preliminary to photographing the action, Murrow and Rohlfs made a couple of practice climbs into their ship, during which Rohlfs had trouble with his parachute leg straps and Murrow with his breathing. "I'm getting too goddam old for this," Murrow grunted. With about half an hour to wait before takeoff time, he asked his sound man to bring over a portable microphone and, gathering the fliers around him, described the scene for the tape. He then sat on the steps of the building with the pilots and chain-smoked until the takeoff bell sounded, at exactly ten-thirty.

Murrow's plane did not get back to the field until two-fifteen. By then, the other two jets had long since returned. Murrow said afterward that his recollection of the early part of the flight was confused. "The first time we pulled out of a dive, I nearly blacked out," he said. "It was like an elephant on my shoulders." On the way back from New York, Rohlfs, finding that the plane's fuel supply was low, had headed for a field at Suffolk, Long Island, to replenish it, but as he was coming down there his hydraulic landing gear had stuck, and he had had to land on his emergency gear. Upon getting out of the plane at Otis, Murrow gratefully accepted a drink of whiskey. Presently, he took off his flying suit, had another drink, and ate a sandwich for lunch.

A few minutes after three, Murrow left Otis in the bucket-seater. Throughout the trip back to LaGuardia, he sat leaning forward in his seat, elbows on knees, smoking with every breath (he smokes about sixty cigarettes a day), and appeared to be studying the sweat that dripped steadily from the end of his nose. The plane landed at LaGuardia at four-thirty. Friendly met him at the airport with a car and drove him to the office. When Murrow got there, at five-fifteen, he found that Zousmer had already written the first part of his news broadcast, and proceeded to catch up with his schedule. After the broadcast, he had dinner near the office, and at one-fifteen, accompanied by Zousmer, caught a plane for Denver to hold a television interview with Dwight D. Eisenhower, who was then a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination. During the ten-hour flight, he drank quantities of tea, coffee, and warm Coca-Cola, sweated most of it out, and slept about forty-five minutes. In Denver, he set his watch back two hours and slept those two hours in a hotel. For the next two days, he worked on the interview, made his usual "This Is the News" broadcasts, with Zousmer's help, and got one night's normal sleep—six hours. He left Denver by plane at ten-thirty Friday night and, after keeping Zousmer awake all night, talking politics, arrived in New York at nine-thirty Saturday morning. Going straight to his apartment, Murrow had breakfast, slept two hours, and at one o'clock got out his Chevrolet convertible and drove to his house in Pawling, where Mrs. Murrow was entertaining Sir Gladwyn Jebb, then Britain's delegate to the United Nations, and Lady Jebb. Immediately after dinner, he drove back to New York, making the seventy-five-mile trip in his customary hour and three-quarters. From eleven until three, he worked at his office with Friendly, editing film and writing copy, and then went to the apartment to get some sleep, so as to be fresh for the next day's television show.

Throughout that summer and fall Murrow kept up a gruelling schedule, and in December he spent Christmas week in Korea, where he prepared a half-hour television show. Upon his return, he landed in Seattle with an earache and a high temperature, and retired to a hospital for two days. No serious trouble developed, so he flew on to New York, but a month later he went to Presbyterian Hospital for a checkup. Nothing was found to be wrong with him but fatigue, and he was ordered to take a three-month vacation. After an argument, the doctors agreed that he might do anything he pleased, as long as he didn't have a deadline. Accordingly, in the latter part of May he temporarily gave up his radio and television shows, and began his vacation by flying with his wife and son to the Coronation. Leaving his family in England, he flew back to New York, editing film en route for a C.B.S. show on the

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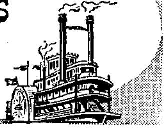

Coronation, and shortly after he arrived here, he appeared on a two-hour television show commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Ford. Then he flew back to England, where he and his family spent a fortnight in Cornwall and a week in London, after which they returned to New York by ship. After a week's rest in Pawling, Murrow flew to the West Coast, made a C.B.S. television show called "Television City" in Hollywood, a "See It Now" show on logging in Oregon, and a documentary movie about the Aluminum Company of America at the company's plant at Vancouver, Washington. While out there, he stopped in to see his parents, who now live in Bellingham, Washington, and his brother Dewey in Spokane. By the end of August, he was back in New York, where he worked with Zousmer and Aaron on plans for his fall program. The second week in September, his vacation over, he flew to Berlin to make the first "See It Now" show of the new season and to confer with the C.B.S. European correspondents in preparation for embarking on a new season of deadlines.

Those correspondents, most of whom not only would be uneasy in their jobs if anything should remove Murrow from his but, quite apart from that, regard him with an affection bordering on the filial, had worried a good deal about the state of his health, and worry had led to rumors. While he was on his prescribed vacation, a friend of his in Europe who had heard the rumors wrote an anxious letter to him at his New York office. Murrow replied, "This fall I shall merely have five radio news shows a week, plus two half-hour television shows, plus a few extracurricular activities. I hope the foregoing answers your question regarding health, although what it reveals about my sanity may be another question. As far as strenuous work is concerned, I can do no better than to quote you a comment by my mother, who said, 'It is better to wear out than to rust out.' As ever yours . . . "

Before the letter was typed, Murrow was aboard the plane for Berlin, and so it wasn't signed.

—CHARLES WERTENBAKER

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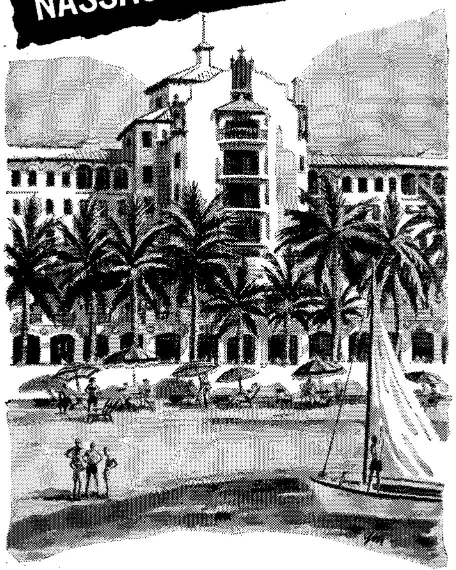

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FAR LESS THAN MEETS THE EYE

SOMEDAY, I dare to dream, a great play will be produced that will run something like this: The curtain will go up on a fashionable New York living room, gay with flowers and lined with books and ancestral portraits. The principal articles of furniture will be a big sofa in the center, equally suitable for conversation and amour, and, on the left, a handsome desk, upon which there will be two identical telephones, for this is the residence of a busy and important woman. On rise, a domestic will be active in the room, dusting things, straightening the books, and otherwise preparing the premises for the entrance of her mistress and her friends. As she goes about these innocent errands, a bell will suddenly break the silence. Without an instant's hesitation, without so much as a moment's pause for thought, this admirable woman will pick up the proper telephone, answer it, and speak briefly with the person on the other end. Almost before the audience has had time to recover from this miracle, her employer will come in, accompanied by a man who is still a comparative stranger to her but with whom she is soon to be closely associated both emotionally and professionally. After they have removed their coats, the lady will sit down on the sofa and the gentleman will start to wander around the room on a tour of casual but admiring inspection. He will stop in front of one of the bookcases and presently take down a chastely bound volume. "Ah," he will say, "I might have known that you'd love Trollope, too."

"Trollope?" the lady will murmur with that divine vagueness that so often goes with beauty. "Oh, *him*. But I don't. He just came with the house."

Undiscouraged, her companion will read aloud quite a lengthy passage from Trollope that has long seemed to him one of the glories of the English language, but her attention by this time will already be elsewhere. She will, in fact, get up and put a record on the phonograph, and in a moment the room will be flooded with pure and lovely sound.

"Ah, Chopin," he will say. "*Dear* Chopin."

"That's Gershwin," his hostess will reply, looking at him sharply and extinguishing the machine.

After a somewhat awkward silence, the heroine will be reminded of her social obligations to her guest. "Perhaps you'd like something to eat?" she will say. "Emma makes the most divine scrapple, even better than you can get in Philadelphia."

"Scrapple?" he will answer, with some horror. "Ugh. Can't bear the stuff. You got some cheese?"

So it will go. There will be a time, I think, when he will stand looking up at the portrait of a distinguished gentleman in the vesture of another day, and say, "Your father? You know, he has your eyes."

"But that isn't my father," she will answer. "In fact, I haven't the slightest idea who he is. How often, Elliott, am I going to have to tell you that I only rent this place?"

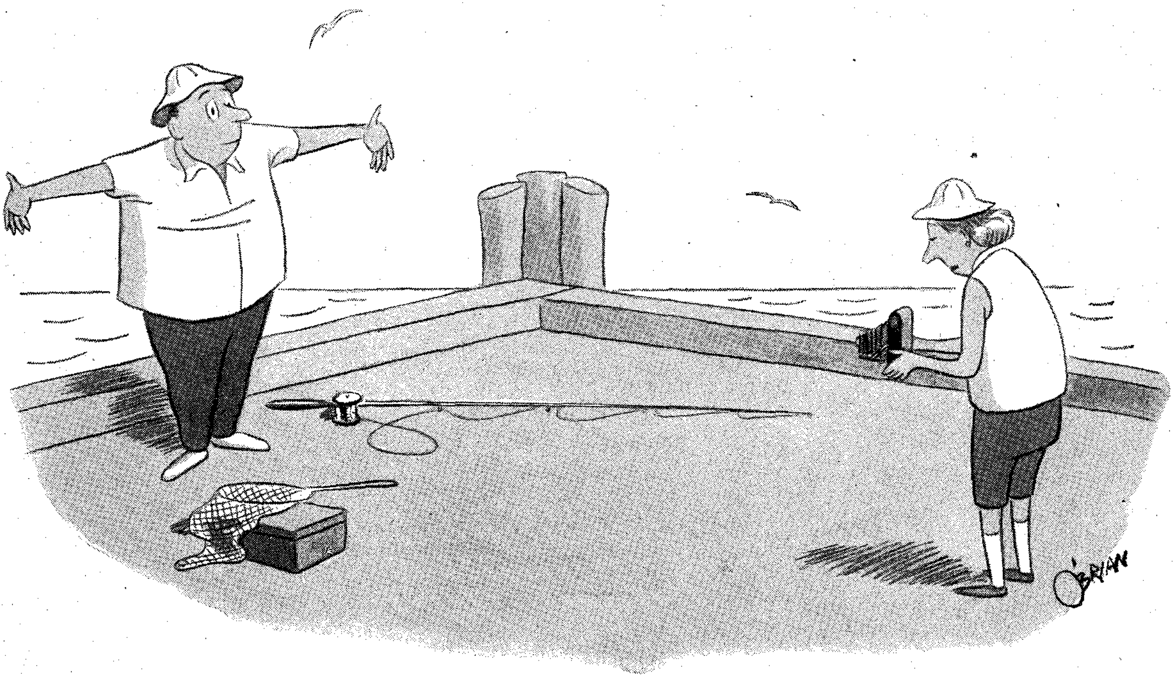
And again he will give her a fairly elaborate synopsis of her own family history, for it seems that he is a radio commentator and preparing to introduce her on his program. "I'll tell them," he will say, consulting a sheaf of notes, "that your father was our ambassador in Prague, and in 1938, when the Nazis—"

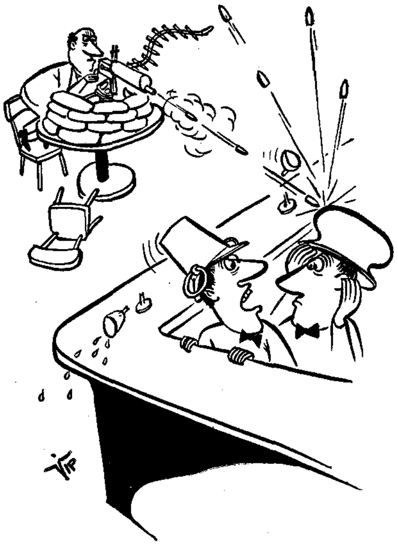
But she will interrupt him in some astonishment. "Where on earth did you get that stuff?" she will inquire.

"From *Who's Who*."

"Well, all I can say," she will inform him coldly, "is that you must have got the wrong Prescott. *My* father was an obstetrician. As far as I know, he never got east of Hoboken."

Altogether, it will be a fine and memorable play. Its resemblance to "The Prescott Proposals," by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, which opened last week at the Broadhurst, will, however, not be particularly marked. The set in the current offering is just the same; the two telephones, the maid called Emma, the volume of Trollope, the phonograph playing Chopin (or Gershwin), the portrait, the scrapple, and the beautiful lady and her journalistic admirer are all present in it; and half the dialogue is almost precisely as I have reported it. Otherwise, though, everything is very different indeed. The maid, that is, invariably gets hold of the wrong telephone on her first try; the heroine adores Trollope, just as her suitor is passionately addicted to scrapple and cognizant of Chopin; the portrait, as it happens, *is* intended to represent her father, and he was, of course, our delegate to Czechoslovakia in 1938. I am not, I hope, arrogant enough to claim that my dream is superior to the reality conjured up by Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Crouse, but I think I am safe in saying that it would be rather more unusual. Whether or not it would be





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quite as suitable as a vehicle for the lofty and resolutely non-frivolous talents of Miss Katharine Cornell is something else again.

The piece at the Broadhurst, as I'm sure you've already been advised, deals with a United States delegate to a conclave of the United Nations—a well-favored woman in the prime of life, dedicated primarily to the cause of freedom of speech. It is her misfortune that long ago, when she was a gay young thing around our embassy in Prague, she was deeply involved with a plausible rogue who was then a Nazi but subsequently shifted his allegiance to the Communists. This ghost from the past comes to haunt her at the opening of the play, when he turns up in her apartment to die of a heart attack—a circumstance that soon becomes known to the Soviet delegate, who is not reluctant to turn it to his own political advantage or to use it to ruin the heroine's career. How he is thwarted in his evil designs, and, indeed, brought to some semblance of natural humanity, I don't think I'll go into here, except to say that, by a coincidence that fetched me up in my seat as if walloped with a hammer and sickle, it turns out that he was once responsible for the destruction of his Russian mistress, whose amorous verses to him were regarded by the Party as deviationist, and consequently cannot bring himself to face the idea of another such betrayal. On the whole, "The Prescott Proposals" is a strangely elementary work, and, while two scenes showing complex wranglings in a committee room of the U.N. have their brisk, journalistic humor, I'm afraid that its ultimate effect is that of the treatment of vital matters in terms of dated, sentimental melodrama.

Though the play itself has somewhat the air of Mary Miles Minter hopefully made up to look like Eleonora Duse, Miss Cornell is still Miss Cornell, with all that this has come to imply in the way of poised nobility and worldly charm. Her associates are also very satisfactory as people of momentous affairs, especially Felix Aylmer, as the British representative; Minoo Daver, as an emissary from Pakistan; Ben Astar, as the grim Muscovite; and Lorne Greene, as the omniscient broadcaster. Donald Oenslager's sets and Main Bocher's gowns contribute their proper splendor, too. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

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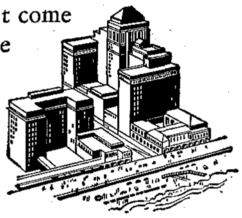

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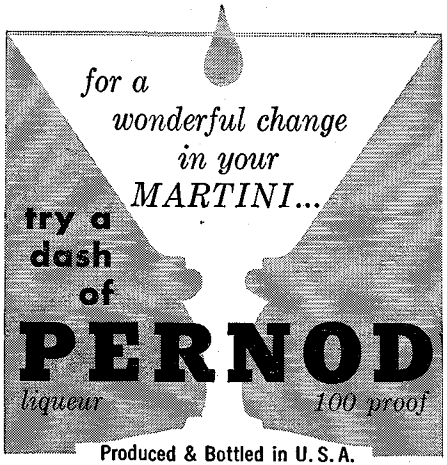

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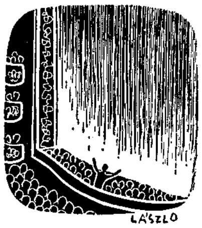
MUSICAL EVENTS

Berlioz and Bizet

I HAVE sometimes been inclined to take a slightly defensive position against the vogue Hector Berlioz's music is having among intellectual concertgoers. To be sure, I always find the music interesting to listen to, because of the highly individual and striking way in which Berlioz orchestrated and otherwise manipulated his material; practically all his work I am familiar with shows the mark of a restless and daring musical intelligence, and this is something that certainly cannot be said of mediocre composers. On the other hand, I often find that the creative essence upon which this intelligence is exercised is somewhat tawdry and theatrical. This is true, it seems to me, of many of his most popular works, including the symphony "Harold in Italy" and the "Fantastic Symphony." The famous "March to the Scaffold" in the latter work, for example, strikes me as pure fustian—an appropriate accompaniment for some melodramatic stage spectacle, perhaps, but outrageously cheap when considered as a symphonic movement. In other words, Berlioz to me is not one of the greatest composers who have ever lived. The quality of his inspiration is too uneven.



Yet, having expressed these qualifications about Berlioz's work in general, I find myself wanting to take them all back in the case of one composition of his, which was performed in Carnegie Hall last Wednesday evening by the Little Orchestra Society, under Thomas Scherman. This is the oratorio "L'Enfance du Christ," a work I had never heard before, and one in which the tricky, flamboyant side of Berlioz's genius is submerged in music of the most profound and enchanting sort. Here, for once, Berlioz was not seeking to astound his listeners with batteries of kettledrums and feats of ingenuity. The only concession to his theatrical instinct was a chorus of angels—situated, apparently, somewhere in the second balcony—and what it sang was supremely beautiful. "L'Enfance du Christ," which simply and eloquently relates the incidents of the Flight into Egypt, is one of the most moving things in symphonic and choral literature. Listening to it, I was able to forget that awful "March to the Scaffold" and to realize anew that, at his very best, Berlioz occasionally reaches the heights of great musical inspiration. The performance, under Mr. Scherman's baton, was quite sensitive, the chorus (of the Choral Art Society) sang well, and a group of soloists, including Mary Davenport, Leopold Simoneau, Martial Singher, and Donald Gramm, handled their parts with distinction.

THE current production of "Carmen" at the Metropolitan Opera House is a spirited one and well worth hearing and seeing. The performance I heard a week ago Saturday night came a little late for review last week, but it should not pass without mention. Of all the productions restaged during the past year or so by Rudolf Bing's administration, this one, I think, has proved most successful, and for some reason—probably extra rehearsing—it is still as fresh and lively as when it was first done a year ago last January. The cast was, on the whole, familiar. Risë Stevens sang an acceptable Carmen, and Richard Tucker was really distinguished as Don José. Lucine Amara sang the role of Micaela with wonderful tone and a very rare subtlety of dramatic shading. Frank Guarrera was handsome and vocally adequate as Escamillo. The important novelty of the evening, which was also responsible for a great deal of the performance's vigor and sparkle, was the conducting of Pierre Monteux, who paced the music with the sure and tasteful touch that has been evident in the Met's French repertoire ever since he took it over at the beginning of the season.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

On every side of us, gray stone columns lifted their sinuous necks above the enveloping forest like reptilian monsters prowling a Paleozoic jungle. Six-hundred-ton boulders balanced precariously on slender stems; giant soldiers stood at perpetual salute, and ten thousand rock pinnacles awaited descriptive phrases.—*Trailer Life.*

They must have been glad to see *you.*

•

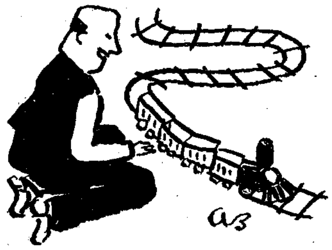
AMERICAN ENVOY ARTHUR DEAN SAYS THAT SECRETARY OF STATE DULLES HAS GIVEN HIM NEW ORLEANS TO DO EVERYTHING HE CAN TO BRING ABOUT A KOREAN PEACE CONFERENCE.—*U. P. news dispatch.*

Does he get the offshore oil, too?

SOME PEOPLE WATCH BIRDS

I DO not wish to push myself forward as a municipal historian, but I think that I can shed some light on the habits of several recent mayors of the City of New York and their families. For the past ten years, I have lived in an apartment in a remodelled brownstone on East End Avenue, directly across from Gracie Mansion, the official residence of the mayor. From my living-room window, I look down upon the lovely old white house, with its imposing iron gates and fence separating it from Carl Schurz Park, in which it is situated. Beyond the Mansion lies the tidal turbulence of Hell Gate, where the East River becomes all churned up and behaves like an inland sea. Since I am by nature a lazy and easily abstracted man, I have spent an appalling amount of time during the past decade just staring out the window. If nothing is going on at the Mansion, I wait for a boat to come past. If no boat comes past, I wait for something to happen at the Mansion.

My first mayor was Fiorello H. LaGuardia. He was already in residence at the Mansion, along with his wife and his young son and daughter, when I took up my post at the window. LaGuardia was certainly the busiest of our recent mayors, and he spent, for a mayor, an inordinate amount of time at City Hall. Thanks to this perversity, I didn't see as much of him as I would have liked. He left the house each weekday morning shortly after eight-thirty, bustling down the steps from the porch and leaping into a police prowl car parked in the Mansion's circular driveway. (I never saw LaGuardia in a limousine, although I know that at one time he used one that was equipped with telephone, dictating machine, and fire hat.) The popular conception that he always wore a big black hat is, according to my observations, entirely correct. LaGuardia got home from work about seven-thirty. The lights in the Mansion, with the exception of one light in a room on the second floor, went out about nine-thirty. Some neighborhood gossips once pointed this lighted room out to me as the Mayor's bedroom; its light was doused by eleven. LaGuardia worked Sundays, too, heading for City Hall shortly before noon.



Mrs. LaGuardia was more in evidence. She and her Scotty strolled leisurely around the Mansion grounds almost every morning. Some days, they walked up and down East End Avenue, and at such times she was accompanied by the policeman who ordinarily sat in the small sentry box at the Mansion gates. The walks were uneventful. Some mornings she talked to the policeman, some mornings she did not. Some mornings she seemed to be talking to the dog. Often, in the late afternoon, the LaGuardia children chased each other around the lawn. One Sunday afternoon, the Mayor played hooky from City Hall and spent an hour or so on the lawn, batting out flies to his son. I have been told by neighborhood people that the LaGuardia boy fell from a tree near the house twice, and broke his arm each time. I am happy to report that I was not mayor-watching, or mayor-family-watching, on either occasion.

Once, during the LaGuardia era, I was interviewed by a newspaperwoman simply because I lived across the street from the Mayor. Somewhere in the Bronx, a lady had shaken her dust mop from her apartment window, a complaint had been lodged against her by some unfortunate who happened to be standing below, and she had been fined. Several days later, the lady phoned the newspaper *PM* to say that a friend of hers who lived near Gracie Mansion had seen a maid in the Mansion shake a dust mop from an upstairs window. How come, the lady asked *PM*, someone at Gracie Mansion could get away with mop shaking when she could not? Was there any justice or wasn't there? *PM*, which had a greased pole from its city room to the street, designed to speed reporters on just such urgent missions, instantly dispatched a young woman with a notebook to East End Avenue. She went from house to house in the row of brownstones on my block, ringing the bells of all the apartments. Had anyone seen a dust mop being shaken from a window of Gracie Mansion? Nobody knew, one way or the other; most of the people on the block weren't mayor-watchers. She was about to give up the story when she rang my bell. She had come to the right place. I assured her that, to my knowledge, no such incident had taken place, and that it was highly unlikely such an incident could

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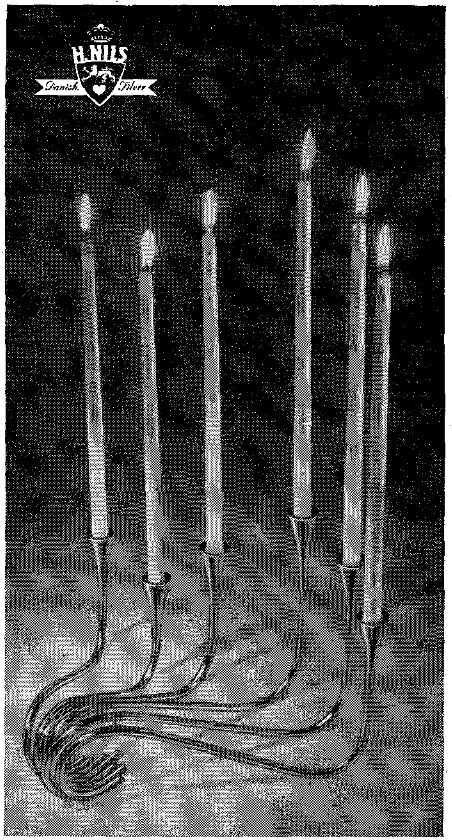

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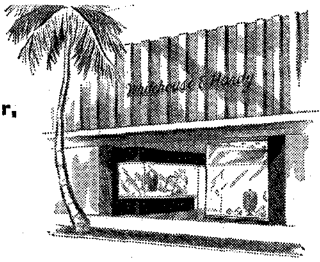

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have taken place without my knowing about it. She seemed reassured, stayed for tea, asked my wife how *she* shook out dust mops (onto paper, spread on the floor), and said that newspaper work was tough but that she loved every minute of it. The next day, she wrote a pleasant story about the mop episode, mentioning me by name. For the next week, I left the window only to eat and sleep.

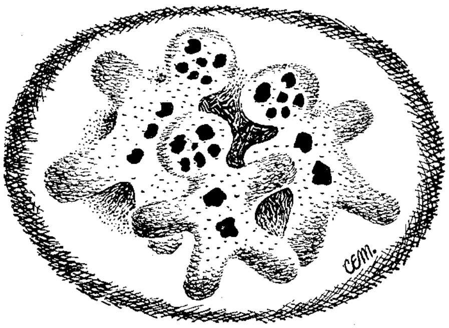
In LaGuardia's time, the fence around the Mansion was fairly close to the house. There was plenty of lawn space to the east and north—on the river and uptown sides, that is—less space to the west, and barely any to the south. The southern part of the fence almost nudged the Mayor's dining room. I was astonished at the number of children and adults who gathered in Carl Schurz Park at the LaGuardia dinner hour and stared through the democratically unshuttered windows at the Mayor and his family while they ate. This upset me. For one thing, I didn't like the idea of anybody else mayor-watching. For another, I was sorry for the LaGuardias; there are few more disconcerting situations than looking up from the dinner table and seeing strangers peering in at you through the window. LaGuardia must have felt that this was part of the price of being in public life, for he did nothing about it. O'Dwyer, when he became mayor, acted with swiftness, moving the fence on the southern side to a sensible distance from the dining-room windows. The groups who had watched LaGuardia eating were incensed. They took up their stand behind the new fence and one could hear them shouting angrily, but O'Dwyer paid no attention to them and after a few nights they went away.

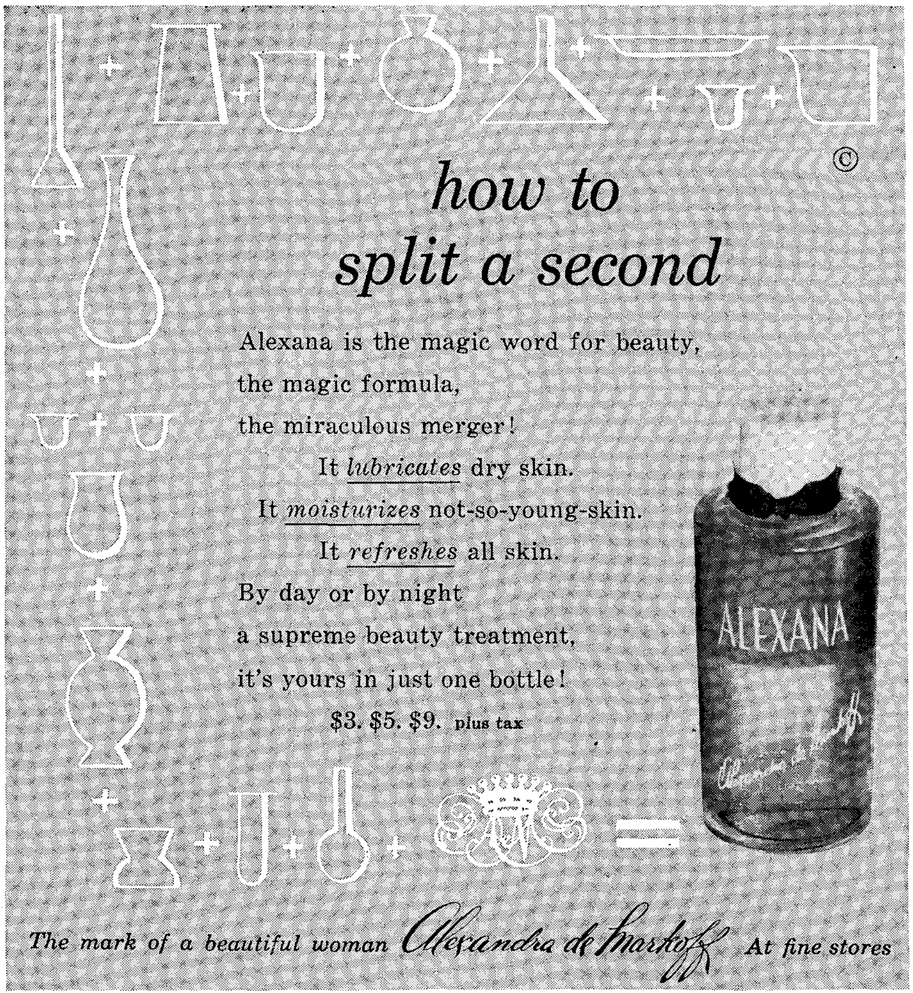
THE LaGuardias didn't entertain much, or at least not enough for me. I get a real kick out of a first-class, bang-up party at Gracie Mansion. Early on the morning of a party, "No Parking" signs are strung up on all the trees and lampposts on East End Avenue from Eighty-sixth to Ninetieth Street. By the middle of the afternoon, parked cars are being joyously hauled away by large Department of Sanitation derrick trucks to some private resting ground the city maintains for delinquent automobiles. At dusk, lights blaze in every window of the Mansion. The gates are opened wide. Two antique carriage lamps, on top of the gateposts, are switched on. (In LaGuardia's time, the gate lights were precinct-house green, the traditional color of lamps outside the home of the city's chief magistrate. O'Dwyer changed the color to white, possibly because, being an ex-policeman, he felt uncomfortable with this reminder of his past just beyond his windows. Mayor Impellitteri shifted the color to highway yellow—the sort of lights one sees on express highways, which are designed, it is said, to dispel fog.) I can recall no large-scale parties when LaGuardia lived in the Mansion; after all, the war was still on. O'Dwyer, coming into office after the war, radically changed the Mansion's entertainment schedule. O'Dwyer was gregarious, and he loved to give parties. I watched some wonderful parties during his time, but none finer than the one he gave for Señor Alemán, the visiting President of Mexico. Alemán and O'Dwyer were close friends. The President had thrown a spectacular party for O'Dwyer once in Mexico City, and the Mayor was determined to outshine him. Throughout the morning of the party, caterers' trucks drove in and out of the driveway. Several hundred gilt banquet chairs were unloaded at noon and taken into the Mansion. Festive Japanese lanterns were hung all over the lawn. In the late afternoon, Cadillacs began discharging the distinguished guests. Red-coated musicians, standing on the lawn, serenaded them. I am somewhat confused about this party, for I have a recurring dream that I am attending it, and requesting that the song "Valencia" be played. It is played, and played again. I have a splendid time at the party, and the Mayor is extremely gracious. I often wonder if I *did* go to that party.

Whether I went to that party or not, I saw more of O'Dwyer than I did of LaGuardia. He seemed to have a genuine feeling for the Mansion, and on Sundays, especially in mild weather, he would often turn up on the lawn, in his shirtsleeves, and talk with passersby through the fence. Occasionally, he would sit outside Carl Schurz Park, on a ledge that runs alongside the park fence on East End Avenue, sunning himself, and chewing the rag with neighborhood people. After he married Sloan Simpson, he took her on walks in the park; they strolled about, the Mayor tipping his hat, and Mrs. O'Dwyer smiling and waving her hand to the burghers. There was an Old World quality to these promenades, and I always looked forward to them. O'Dwyer's romantic streak was real and touching, and it was evident to a mayor-watcher that he derived deep satisfaction from showing off his new bride. Although informal in a neighborhood sense, O'Dwyer was formal when it came to official limousines. He regularly used a long, black Cadillac, not the prowl car of LaGuardia's time. East End Avenue had never seen so many Cadillacs before, and will probably never see so many Cadillacs again. Few people came to the Mansion in anything but Cadillacs. One person, though, who did not arrive in a Cadillac was the Mayor's barber, John Vitale. He was an elderly Italian with a thick gray mustache, who operated a barbershop on East End Avenue near Eighty-fourth Street. Mr. Vitale showed up on foot almost every morning, making his way slowly and with tremendous dignity along East End Avenue and through the gates of the Mansion, swinging a small black bag. He went through the gates with something of the manner Gladstone must have employed as he arrived at Buckingham Palace for an audience with Queen Victoria. Mr. Vitale is no longer on East End Avenue. He has moved around the corner to Eighty-first Street, and his old shop is unoccupied.

O'Dwyer often visited Doctors Hospital, across the street from the Mansion and a few yards to the south. I guess he visited sick friends there. The Mayor always strode through the gates, crossed East End Avenue, shook hands with Mr. Cahill, the hospital's doorman, and entered the hospital. His Cadillac followed, and waited for him outside the hospital entrance.

O'Dwyer left Gracie Mansion for the last time on a hot summer day in 1950. He had resigned as mayor, and was headed for a rest in California and then Mexico City. A small knot gathered outside the gates to watch him leave. In the late morning, his Cadillac drove slowly out through the gates. The policeman at the sentry box saluted. The car turned south on East End. Suddenly, it stopped in front of Doctors Hospital, and the Mayor leaned out of the car window. Mr. Cahill came forward from under the hospital marquee and shook hands with

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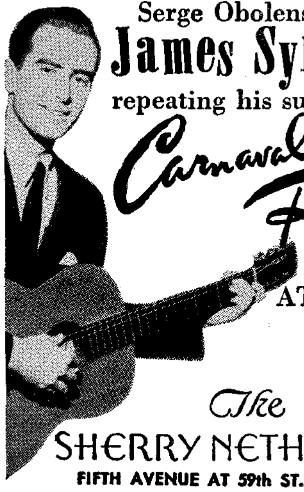
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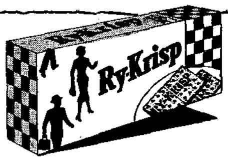

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O'Dwyer. Then the car drove off. I have not seen him since, and I don't suppose that Mr. Cahill has, either.

THERE isn't much to say about Mayor Impellitteri. Perhaps, as I have picked up more interests in life, I have mayor-watched less than when I first moved into the neighborhood, but Mayor Impellitteri is an almost nonexistent figure to me. The gates to the Mansion are closed most of the time. The lights aren't on much. Sometimes I think that nobody has been living there regularly. Occasionally, Mrs. Impellitteri drives off from the Mansion in the middle of the morning in a big car. Occasionally, the Impellitteris give a party, but without red-coated musicians or Japanese lanterns. Occasionally, the Mayor visits Doctors Hospital, but he doesn't walk across the street, he rides. A year or so ago, when he returned from his visit to Sicily, a station wagon piled high with luggage swept into the Mansion grounds. Perched on top of the luggage, in the rear of the wagon, was the Mayor.

As for the Wagners, who can say? They are young, they have two boys, they will move in the first of the year. I may have an exciting era of mayor-watching ahead of me, and then again I may not. There is no way to predict this sort of thing.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "The Voyage," by Katherine Mansfield*]

An immense basket of ham sandwiches caught her eye. She went up to them and touched the top one delicately with her finger.

"How much are the sandwiches?" she asked.

"Tuppence!" bawled a rude steward, slamming down a knife and fork.

Grandma could hardly believe it.

"Twopence *each*?" she asked.

"That's right," said the steward, and he winked at his companion.

Grandma made a small, astonished face. Then she whispered primly to Fenella. "What wickedness!"

•

Councilman Don Allen found fault with Miss Kitt and also with the Andrews sisters. Of the latter he said:

"They sang a couple of nice songs and then went into their saloon routine."

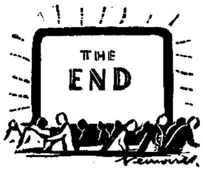
Replied Patti Andrews:

"We sang 'The Pennsylvania Polka.' Is that risque? We sang 'Apple Blossom Tile.' Is that risque?"—*The Post.*

Don't know. Never heard it.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Down We Go Again



"BENEATH THE 12-MILE REEF," an exercise in CinemaScope, is an exploration into the lives of some sponge fishermen in residence on the southern coast of Florida. Since the occupation of these doughty souls necessitates their spending a good deal of time underwater, the camera, too, submerges quite frequently. This affords us an opportunity to see how the sponges are harvested, and also to observe all kinds of finny friends and enemies. Having viewed a number of movie excursions into the depths, I am fairly used to the sort of creatures one meets below the waves, but I doubt whether I could ever get used to the sort of people here represented as sponge fishermen. As our No. 1 boy, for instance, we have a youth who, in the course of a gambol with the heroine, suddenly claims that his name is Adonis, although it is really Tony. "I'm a very beautiful young man," he adds complacently. Our heroine responds to this with a whinny of delight. But their path of love is not all smooth and luminous, for the boy is a Greek and the girl is of a Florida breed known as English conchs, and in the world of sponge fishing these twain are never supposed to meet, because some of the Greeks are alleged to have an unhappy tendency to poach on the sponge preserves of the conchs, and whenever the Greeks do indulge in a bit of poaching, the conchs promptly retaliate by highjacking the illicit haul.

It is after an episode of this kind that the families of the self-styled Adonis and his cracker Aphrodite get to feuding. There's rather a rash of fisticuffs and confusion from this point on in the movie. Anyway, the Greek contingent presently sails out to the reef that provides the picture with its title. This shelf is feared by Greeks and conchs alike, and Adonis's father, who does the diving for his crowd, describes it to his son with great feeling. "The reef never forgets," he says. "It waits. Then one day when you are not looking, it grabs you." Sure enough, it grabs Papa, and in a single busy interlude Adonis has to witness the death of his father, the seizure by the conchs of the sponges the old man has brought up from the reef, and the burning of the family's boat. In passing, he is considerably battered by a conch who wants Aphrodite for his own. But although bruised and disconsolate, our boy is sustained by true love and conquers all obstacles. It takes nice perception on his part to recognize love when it comes along, since his sweetheart, when she isn't releasing shrill jets of laughter, confines herself largely to remarking, "Cut it out, Greek." The two of them are much more tolerable when they dive into the briny—a form of love play with them—and disport themselves among sting rays, gaping bass, and other denizens of the sea.

As the Adonis of "Beneath the 12-Mile Reef," a young man named Robert Wagner grapples spiritedly with a lot of emotional problems, but he is plainly overmatched. As for his inamorata, played by Terry Moore, I'm afraid that she left her fight in the dressing room. In the way of compensation for the inadequacy of these principals, we have some reputable performances by Gilbert Roland, who is the Greek father, and J. Carrol Naish, as another Greek. Both of them have splendidly utilitarian dialects, suitable for all occasions.

"THE EDDIE CANTOR STORY," in which an actor named Keefe Brasselle mugs busily while the great man sings off-screen, is a standard confection showing how a poor East Side boy gets to be a rich Broadway boy. In its favor it has a lot of fine old tunes, and a solid performance by Aline MacMahon, as the grandmother who saw to it that Mr. Cantor was reared in righteousness. Mr. Brasselle, however, in his efforts to make his eyes pop in the manner of the master's, frequently conveys the impression that he is being strangled. This is disconcerting.

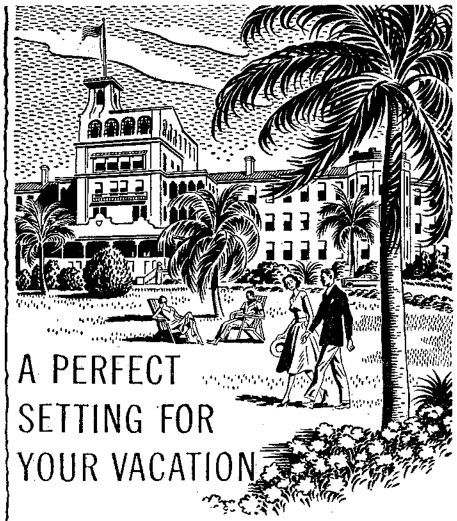
—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

THE GROVE

Three houses in a grove in the setting
light
Contrived among themselves to keep
alive
By whiteness, a failing brightness.
When I saw the last slants come
Sailing through the pine grove from
Beyond the world, I felt the night,
Not only of the day, but of the year
Come trailing on. The summer gone
To hibernate in mold, the pines alone
were
Green, the pines alone within the grove
Were green against the cold.

—ERNEST KROLL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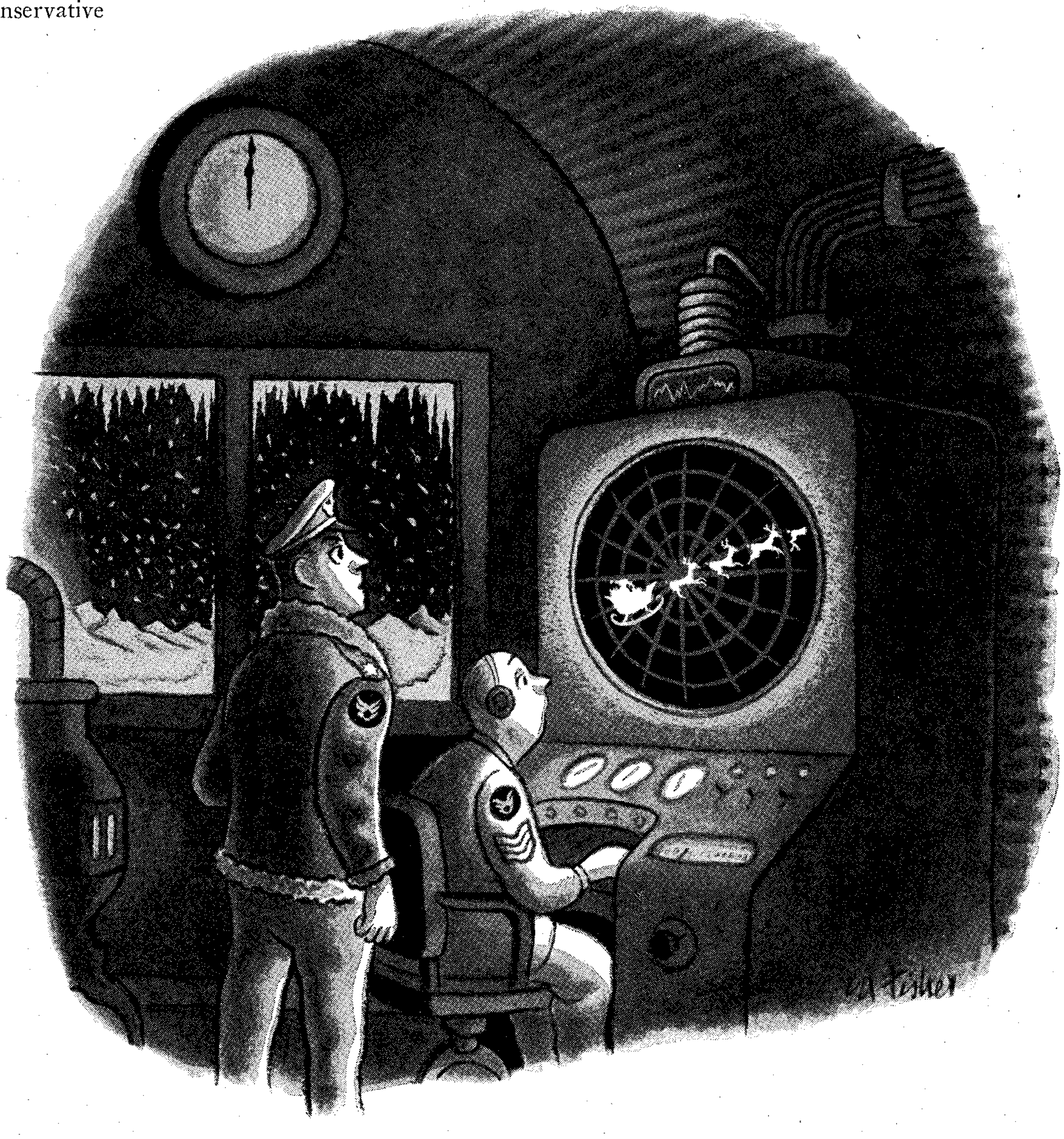
BOOKS

Foresight and Hindsight

IN his preface to "Triumph and Tragedy" (Houghton Mifflin), Winston Churchill explains that he has given the sixth and concluding volume of his "The Second World War" this title because the overwhelming victory of the Grand Alliance failed to bring a general peace. There is as good reason to give it the same title if it is considered not as history but as the final volume of a unique political autobiography. The first section of this political biography was written as long ago as 1923, as Volume I of "The World Crisis," a history of the First World War, and it was immediately recognized for what it was by Mr. Arthur Balfour, the delicate thinker and incompetent politician who was then one of the leaders of the Conservative Party. He was, he wrote, "immersed in Winston's brilliant autobiography, disguised as a history of the universe." There was malice behind the remark, for Mr. Churchill was the symbol of the greatest blunder Mr. Balfour had until then made in his political career. But it was a relaxed malice, since Mr. Balfour had already taken a more than adequate revenge, which had so affected Mr. Churchill's career that anyone would have been justified in thinking that it had been brought to an end. It is hard to realize now that the first volume of "The World Crisis" was written in political limbo by a man who seemed to have no political future at all.

Mr. Churchill had entered into the war with resounding brilliance as First Lord of the Admiralty. It was due to his foresight and organizing power that the Navy was, unlike the other services, ready and mobilized when, on August 4, 1914, England declared war on Germany. His future as a leader of the Liberal Party and as Prime Minister seemed certain. The most intelligent of his colleagues in the Liberal Cabinet was sure that he would leave Lloyd George far behind. He ended the war a nonentity, at the head of the Ministry of Munitions, altogether overshadowed by his Welsh rival, and in the 1922 elections he suffered temporary extinction. Standing for Parliament in Dundee, he ran more than ten thousand votes behind a prohibitionist, notable only for the extreme narrowness of his mind, who, when he had first challenged Mr. Churchill, before the war, had been able to muster no more than seven hundred votes in the constituency. Defeats the next year in West Leicester and the year after that in Westminster followed, and his rejection seemed final. The irony of his situation was that he had ruined himself by the exercise of the qualities that were to make him a great leader and by his recognition of the hinge on which the destiny of the world was turning.

The pattern of his disaster is easy to trace. In the eighteen-nineties, he had launched himself on a career as a professional soldier in the old Army, then still dominated by the ideas of the catastrophic Duke of Cambridge (he was against teaching, or even allowing, infantrymen to take cover in maneuvers, on the ground that "wars are not won by jacks-in-boxes"), and when he had seen it in action, he abandoned it for the role of critic and became a journalist and a war correspondent. He was related by blood to Army families and he was pushed by petticoat influence. He owed his presence at Omdurman under Kitchener to the wirepulling of Lady Jeune, a friend of his mother's. The



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By the travel editor of The Christian Science Monitor: **Many fascinating travel booklets pass over this desk in the course of a year but the one that arrived the other day so interested this department that it cost the office several hours of work in order that we might absorb its content. The booklet is entitled "Travel Routes Around the World" and is the traveler's directory to passenger-carrying freighters and liners. *In no time at all you find yourself far out to sea* cruising along under tropical skies without a care in the world. You find yourself docking at strange ports and taking land tours to those places you long have read about. Most interesting of the vast listings of ships are the freighters which carry a limited number of passengers in quarters comparable to the luxury offered in the so-called big cruise ships which devote most of their space for passengers.**

The booklet first of all answers the question: What is a freighter? The modern freighter, says the booklet, ranks with the de luxe passenger vessels so far as comfort and accommodations are concerned.

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It is important to realize that in most cases today, freighter passengers are considered first-class passengers, although the rates charged are generally on a par with either cabin or tourist class fare. Most passenger-carrying freighters, to quote the booklet, have their private bath and shower, and these cabins offer beds, not bunks. The rooms are generally larger than equivalent accommodations aboard passenger ships, and the cabin of a modern freighter is sometimes even twice as large as first-class cabins on some of the older passenger ships. It goes without saying that your room is on the outside, and amidships, the most expensive of all locations, for which you are usually charged a premium over the advertised minimum fares on passenger ships.

This booklet points out that it is frequently astonishing how low freighter fares are as compared with passenger ship fares: *for example, less than one-half of the passenger ship fare to* California is the amount asked on freighters. On most of the longer runs, the difference in favor of the freighters is regularly from a third to half of the passenger ship fare.

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Other valuable information such as how to tip, shipboard activities *and* costs are covered in the booklet, "Travel Routes Around the World."

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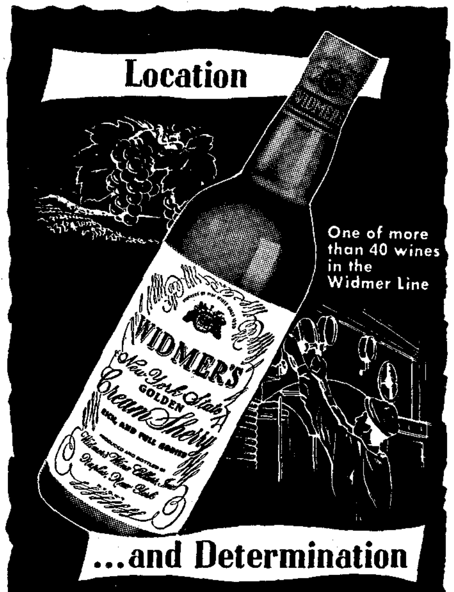
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criticisms he made in public of the conduct of the Omdurman campaign, and later on of the Boer War, seemed to many like treachery to his class and to his friends. At the end of the Boer War, he had established himself in the minds of many regular soldiers as a self-advertising boomster without any sense of loyalty or decency. Promotion in the Army of that time was largely a matter of influence, and the regular soldiers were closely allied to the leading Conservative families. When he took his seat as a Conservative Member of Parliament after the war, he was already an object of suspicion. He deepened the suspicion with extraordinary rapidity by making a series of telling attacks on his own Party's Minister for War, the far from brilliant Mr. St. John Brodrick, who is chiefly remembered for his attempt to saddle the British Army with a ridiculous cap of a German type. The attacks were more than justified, but they scarcely won Mr. Churchill the affection of his Party chiefs. He further affronted every soldier by saying that as things stood, England's only defense was the Navy. In March, 1904, he got his reward. When he rose in debate to speak against the Conservative tariff policy, Mr. Balfour, the Party leader, and all his followers walked out of the chamber. Soon after he had received this unmistakable notice to quit, Mr. Churchill entered the House, crossed the strip of empty floor that divided the seats of the two great parties, and took his place on the Liberal benches beside Mr. Lloyd George.

It is impossible to overstress the importance of this incident in Mr. Churchill's career. Its immediate effect was to make Mr. Balfour feel about him as Mr. Farley came to feel about Roosevelt, and Truman to feel about Mr. James Byrnes. This feeling became a passionate hatred when, two years later, the Conservative Party was swept out of office and the Liberal Party was swept in by the most overwhelming landslide in the history of English politics. Completely impotent, and from amid the wreckage of his Party, Mr. Balfour watched his candidate for oblivion rapidly climb the ladder to Cabinet rank. In 1910, Mr. Churchill became Home Secretary and, as a further act of treachery to his class, took a leading part in laying the foundations of the welfare state. It was clear to everybody that either he or Lloyd George would succeed Mr. Asquith as Prime Minister. At the age of thirty-six, Mr. Churchill was at the top of the tree.

But the higher he climbed, the more his energy and his appetite for life worked against him. The restlessness and comprehensiveness of his mind could not find full exercise in his own Ministry. He was naturally endowed with the gifts of a Prime Minister. He disintegrated the Cabinet machine by submitting endless lengthy memorandums on the concerns of other Ministers. Time and again, he exasperated Mr. Asquith by obstructing the procedure of Cabinet meetings with his flow of suggestions and criticisms. And his sense of urgency and his relish for being the man on the spot led him into adventures that made him seem preposterous. Clad in a fur-collared coat and a top hat, he became grotesquely involved with the police, the Fire Brigade, and a platoon of the Scots Guards in the siege of two London gunmen who had barricaded themselves in a house on Sidney Street. When his secretary asked him what he supposed he had been doing, he felt able to reply, "Don't be cross; it was such fun." But the earnest people in the country took a less happy view of the fact that he had turned out the Scots Guards to handle what was properly a police matter. They became further alarmed when, in 1911, the Home Secretary responded to the threat of a general railroad strike by ordering rapid and spectacular troop movements. The Agadir crisis was growing in intensity, and war with Germany seemed imminent. It was vital that the outbreak of war should not find the nation's railroads at a standstill, and the use of troops to keep traffic moving was completely justified. But the public did not know how great the danger was; to its mind, Mr. Churchill was boyishly introducing a new and ugly element into the English social picture. The Army itself, antagonized by the Liberal government's reforms, which were challenging the influence of the Conservative military families, was showing an increasing tendency toward political activity. Egged on by certain dubious Parliamentary figures, it at last attempted, with something very like a mutiny among the officers stationed in Northern Ireland, to force the government to abandon its policy of Home Rule for Ireland. The public had become thoroughly wary of quasi-military adventurers, and because of the railroad episode it included Mr. Churchill in its

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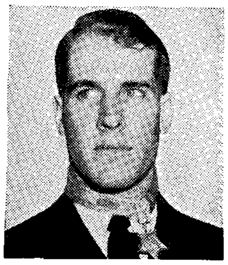
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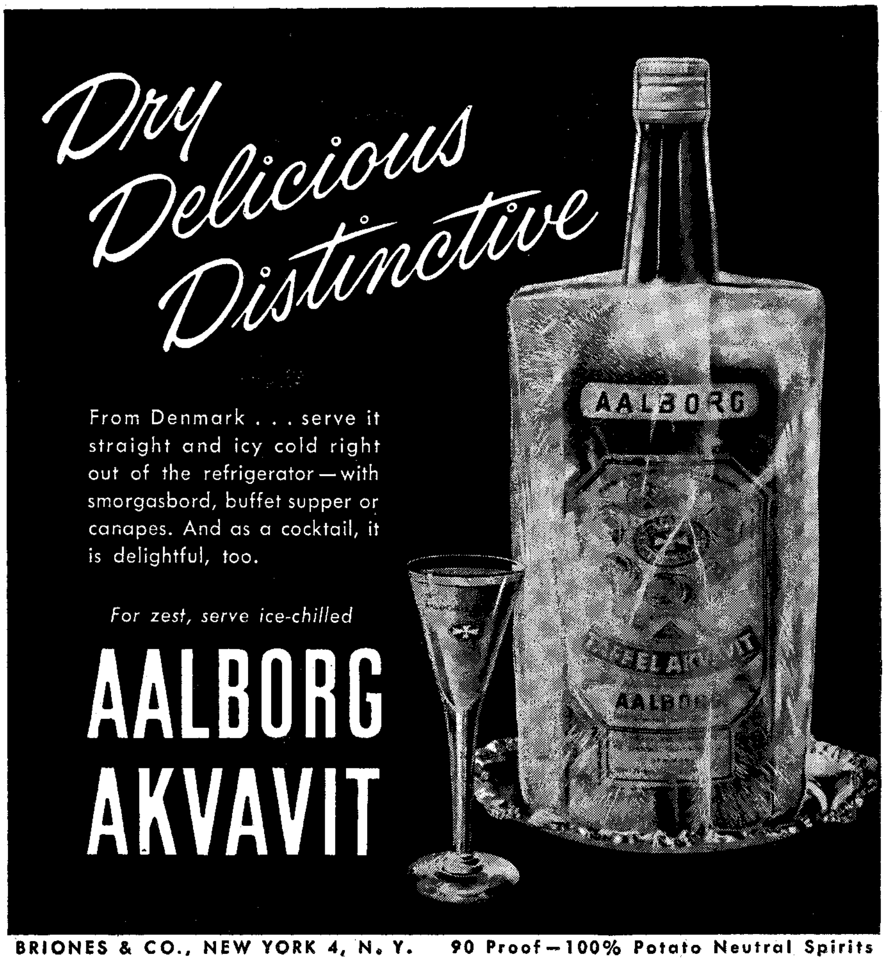
dislikes. Mr. Asquith hurriedly transferred Mr. Churchill from the Home Office to the Admiralty.

In the three years that were left to prepare for war, Mr. Churchill did magnificent work, and the Navy was ready when war was declared. But the cloak of security concealed this important fact from the public. Even his colleagues, who were aware of what he had done and what it meant, were amused by his obsession, after his successful mobilization of the fleet, with the whereabouts of a single German battle cruiser, the Goeben, which had disappeared from sight in the Mediterranean. They thought he was being boyish again, eager for a scrap and eager to get headlines for the fleet. They did not realize that the course of history depended upon the Goeben. It suddenly turned up off Constantinople, and the Turkish government, looking into the muzzles of its guns, ended its hesitation and went into the war on the German side. Thus the Dardanelles was closed and Russia was cut off from the Western Allies. Mr. Churchill proliferated with plans to undo this disaster. He proposed a descent on Schleswig-Holstein, with the seizure of the Kiel Canal and the opening of the Baltic route to Russia as its aim. When the difficulties of launching this blow, so near the centers of German strength, became obvious, Mr. Churchill turned toward forcing a passage past Constantinople into the Black Sea. The reopening of the Dardanelles replaced the sinking of the Goeben as his obsession. The public knew nothing of all this, either, or of what was in Mr. Churchill's mind. When it next saw him, he was marching through the streets of Antwerp, wearing a fur hat with a plume and the sort of fantastically befrogged uniform affected by Hussars and lion tamers, at the head of the Naval Division. It consisted of eight thousand men, only two thousand of whom were fully trained; the rest were reservists, many of them without rifles. With this unlikely force, Mr. Churchill was to seize and hold the port of Antwerp. The public was not told for a long time afterward that he had been promised relief by an army of thirty to forty thousand men if he could hold the port for four days—relief that never arrived. To the public, he appeared involved in a foolish effort to turn the German Army aside from its drive on Paris, and they blamed him for the heavy losses the Naval Division suffered. The First Lord of the Admiralty, they felt, had no more business being in Antwerp and on the firing line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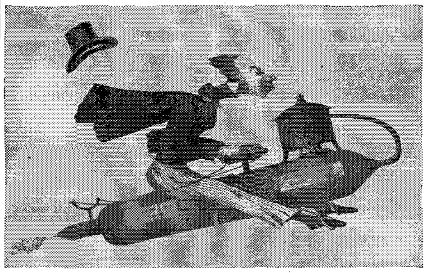

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than the Home Secretary had had in Sidney Street.

Mr. Arthur Balfour and the Conservatives prepared for vengeance. They took it when the attempt to open up the Dardanelles failed. Mr. Churchill had overborne the opposition of the admirals of the fleet and of the generals who wanted every available man for France. He was the only responsible figure in public life who saw the importance of the operation, and by his insistence on it he lost all support inside the Government and out. His enemies organized resistance to it, and its execution was hampered by what amounted to sabotage. By the time the attempt was called off, the fleet had suffered heavy losses and the pick of the New Zealand and Australian armies had been destroyed on the Gallipoli beaches. And nothing had been achieved. When the Conservatives attacked, Mr. Churchill was dismissed with hardly a murmur of dissent. As he went out to France to join a regiment in the line, the dark shadow of complete failure lay on him. His commanding officer greeted him coldly and, after half an hour's silence, remarked, "I think I ought to tell you that we were not at all consulted in the matter of your coming to join us."

It was a situation from which no ordinary man would have recovered, and Mr. Churchill did his level best to see that he did not recover by continuing to flout popular opinion as soon as he resumed office. Returned to Parliament in the first post-war election, in 1918, he made, as Liberal Secretary of State for War and for Air, a futile attempt to undo the failure of the Dardanelles. He had seen Russia collapse when it was cut off from Western supplies of arms and munitions, and after Germany was defeated, he tried to reverse the course of history by building up the White Russian forces that were fighting the Soviets. The war-weary and exhausted public would have none of his bracing summons to further efforts and a new war. He was assailed from all sides. Mr. Osbert Sitwell wrote bitter satirical verses against him. The trades unions saw to it that his munition ships were strikebound at their docks; the unhappy British troops in Archangel and the Caucasus began to sport red rosettes and clamored to come home; Mr. David Low cartooned Churchill as a pint-size Napoleon wearing an enormous watch chain covered with medals that spelled out the word "Defeat." The Liberal Party, disintegrated by the strains of war and by Mr. Lloyd George's increasingly eccentric leadership, was swinging toward pacifism and had no use for Mr. Churchill; the growing Labour Party, with half a century of anti-Czarist sympathies behind it, detested him as a reactionary; and Mr. Arthur Balfour was still a power among the Conservatives. Beaten at the polls in 1922, Mr. Churchill was a man without a party and again without a future.

ALL this is part of the background to the six volumes of which "Triumph and Tragedy," a Book-of-the-Month Club choice, is the last. It provides the clue to the lonely struggle that makes the first volume, "The Gathering Storm," which takes the reader back to the early nineteen-thirties, such a moving story. Mr. Churchill had, of course, by that time come home to the Conservative Party and had held a Cabinet post under Mr. Baldwin. But he was not altogether trusted. He was still paying for the day he crossed the floor of the House of Commons and took his place beside Mr. Lloyd George. When he raised his voice against the slow drift to disaster over which Mr. Baldwin and his Defense Ministers presided so complacently, the past came vividly alive. It was the same old story; here he was calling himself a Conservative and embarrassing the Party leaders. The tradition of his untrustworthiness grew. Hindsight has lent an authority to his speeches on military matters that they did not have when he made them. He spoke to the House as the adventurer of Sidney Street and Antwerp, as the man who had put the Anzacs through the mincer on the Gallipoli beaches and who had attempted to invest the peaceful General Strike of 1926 with the drama of revolution by urging that the troops be brought out again. The rhetoric of "The World Crisis" also stood between him and his audience. He was like the war horse that answered ha-ha to the trumpets; he had a taste for that kind of thing and reasonable men did not. He was listened to with amused toleration as the baby-faced Napoleon Mr. Low had constructed in the public imagination. No democracy has ever seen anything like the recovery of position and prestige by a completely discredited politician that is the theme of "The Gathering Storm," or any triumph of personality like that revealed in the succeeding volumes, in which Mr. Churchill stands as the embodied will of the British people to fight the German war on to a victorious end. But the elements Mr. Churchill rightly calls tragic are all there, too; the past was to prove irretrievable.

The old memories recur as a minor theme in the third volume, "The Grand Alliance." The Australian government led by Mr. Menzies fell in 1941 because it could not bring its troops back from the Middle East rapidly enough to still popular agitation. Mr. Curtin's government, which had come into office on the strength of this issue, hurried them home in spite of the fact that their withdrawal imperilled the situation in Egypt and the Middle East and threw the British plans in that theatre out of gear for several precious months. There was not the faintest possibility of leaving Australian troops under Mr. Churchill's leadership in the Mediterranean theatre; the bitter words of the Australian official history of the First World War could not be forgotten, and the memory of the Dardanelles had done its work. The theme repeats itself with growing importance in the ensuing volumes as the American contribution to the war became paramount. The American Chiefs of Staff were never able to see Churchill as anything more than the architect of disaster at the Dardanelles, the amateur with a taste for unproductive ventures and sideshows. It was because of this belief that General Alexander's army in Italy was whittled away and Churchill's proposal to let him attempt to capture Vienna before the Russians could take it was frustrated.

As victory approached, the theme of Mr. Churchill's ancient fear of the Soviets became as important as the Dardanelles theme. He introduced it himself with minutes and memorandums harping on the necessity of having the armies of the Western Allies meet the Russians as far to the East as possible. As the scales tip toward the Allied side, his warnings assume greater force. And they fall on deaf ears. The memory of his 1919 venture against Russia cannot be effaced: The old man has always wanted a war with Russia; it is just pretty Fanny's way. The warnings, the appeals for haste on the roads to Berlin, Prague, and Vienna, sit bleakly on the pages of Mr. Churchill's last two volumes, "Closing the Ring" and "Triumph and Tragedy." The jocular reactions of

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Mr. Roosevelt and the American field commanders are recorded elsewhere. It was amusing, they seemed to feel, to see how persistently the old boy tried to drag the United States into serving the aims of British imperialism.

The 1919 theme became dominant in the hour of victory, when Mr. Churchill, licensed by Stalin, who had sold out his Athenian followers in exchange for being given a free hand in Rumania by the Western powers, employed the British Army to suppress a Communist revolution in Greece. Instantly all the old memories and suspicions were revived. The United States press and administration turned on him, and so did the British people. Here was the man who had used troops in the railroad strike and in the General Strike. Here was the man who would try to hold India down with bayonets. Here was the old reactionary who put the troops into Russia last time. We won't give him another chance. Aneurin Bevan's speeches attacking Mr. Churchill along these lines did more than anything else to win Labour the election that brought an end to his term of office as the national leader and reduced him to the role of spectator in the decisive months of armistice, in which the future of Europe was decided—decided on the one hand by the Russians, who had a consistent program for securing a major place in the center of Europe, and on the other by a crumbling alliance primarily concerned with rapid demobilization and the restoration of peacetime economies. At the end of "Triumph and Tragedy," the leading figure on the European stage vanishes as abruptly as a puppet is whisked off the stage of a Punch-and-Judy show. His past had for the moment overtaken him again.

The final irony, which brings the story to the level of tragedy, is that even had the election been won, victory in the war would have confronted Mr. Churchill with the darkest moment of his past. Though his courage and integrity had enabled him to return from the depths and win more power and a greater trust than had ever before been placed in the hands of an English statesman, there was no undoing the work of destiny. He had been able to return because Germany had once again become the ruling military power in Europe, and he returned pledged to defeat the German war machine. There was no way of doing it without destroying Germany's military power, and once that was destroyed, a vacuum existed in Europe that Russia alone could fill. And because Mr. Churchill had been frustrated first in his attempt to force the Dardanelles, and then in his attempt to intervene in the Russian civil war, it was a Sovietized Russia that would fill it. His triumph was inescapably the triumph of everything he most loathed. His history of the war shows plainly his growing consciousness of this dilemma and his unfaltering courage in the face of it.

There are blots on the chronicle, moments of the petulance that has starred Mr. Churchill's whole career with savage verbal annihilations of those who have been unlucky enough to irritate him, and the unhappy record of the meaningless and aimless slighting of General de Gaulle. But these are minor blemishes, and he stands out as a magnificent figure, large enough to see the world as a whole and capable of dominating it. His language is apt to be rich and overblown, teetering at times on the edge of platform trickery, but the imagination behind the language is heroic, and it is one of the few that have so far appeared adequate to the sweep and grandeur of the new scale of world affairs. —ANTHONY WEST

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SYLVIA, WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

Christmas bonuses on Wall Street will be relatively slim or non-existent.

"When we probably won't pay a bonus to Sylvia, you know how things are," says a broker. Sylvia is the firm's girl Friday—the head bookkeeper, scourge of the clerks, chief worrier and No. 1 on any list of beneficences.

A survey of 20 brokerage houses discloses many will pay nothing and those planning bonuses will limit them to two weeks' pay. Last year, most firms got into the Christmas spirit with payments up to a month's wages or more. Back in 1950, when stock trading exceeded a half-billion shares, bonuses ran up to as much as a year's pay.

Stock turnover this year has been running slightly ahead of the 310-million share pace for full 1952. But higher costs have eaten profits and last month's rise in commission rates came too late to be much help.—*Wall Street Journal, December 10th.*

Most brokerage employes are anticipating a very merry Christmas. It is almost bonus time and the back offices are counting on more liberal distributions than last year as a result of the higher commission rates and the continuing heavy underwritings of new issues.—*The Times, December 13th.*

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A small twister which roared out of the Gulf of Mexico swept through the heart of Port St. Joe's business district, leaving $10,000.—*Sarasota (Fla.) Herald-Tribune.*

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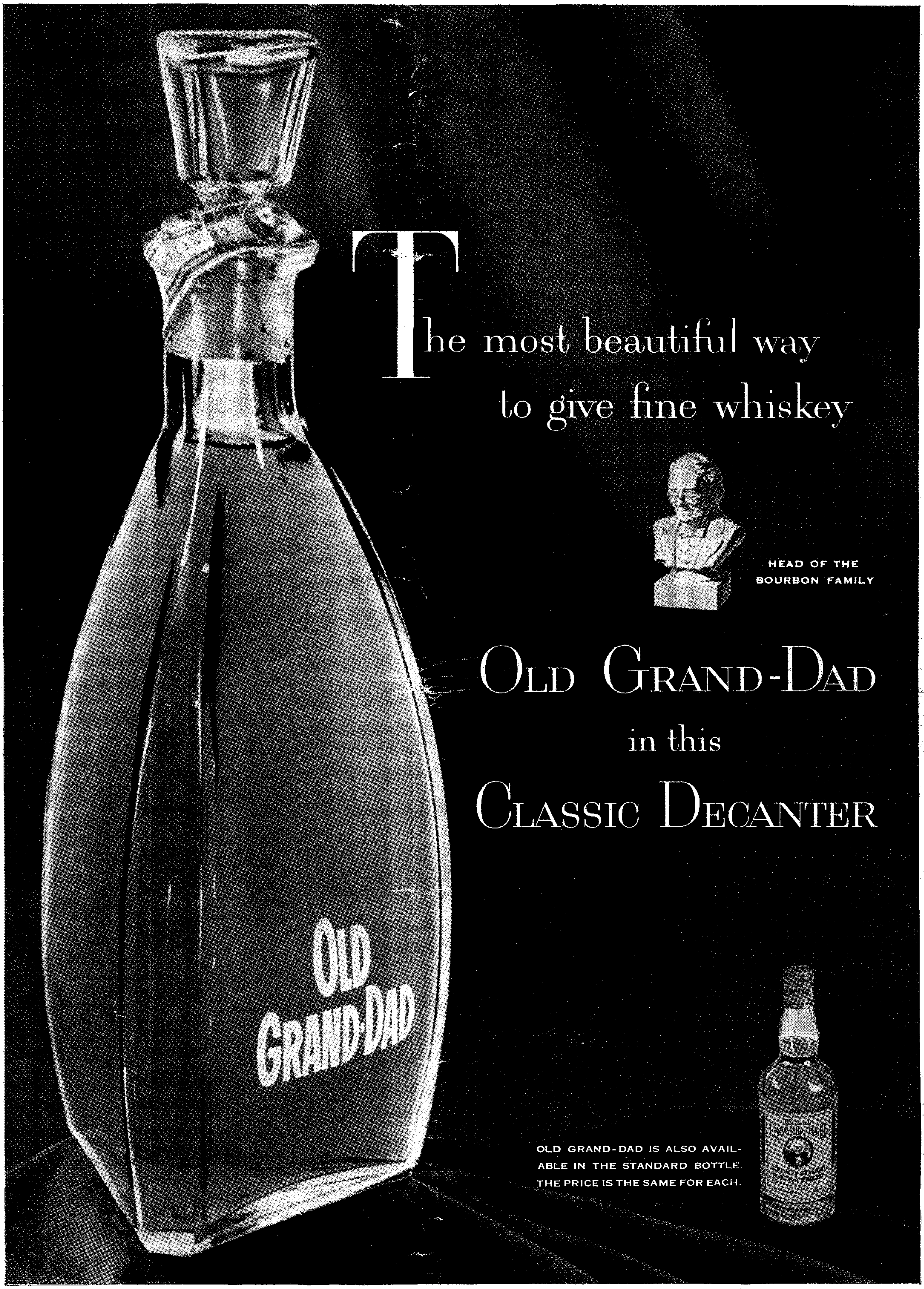

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